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OTHER JOB IS JUST AS BAD

School Teacher and Housewife Find by Comparison That Neither One Should Envy the Other.

There had been a severe storm, lasting several days, and the little school teacher was getting very tired of it. She found it hard to go back and forth to her work, and when she reached her boarding place Friday night she was in a complaining mood. As she passed through the flat on her way to her room she said to the friend with whom she boarded, a young married woman: "You ought to be thankful you do not have to go out in these storms. It is horrible."

The other young woman looked up with a queer expression in her eyes. "I was just envying you," she said, "to think you were free to go. For three days I have been house-bound and I'm just ready to cry for a good walk in the open air. These two babies can't be taken out in such weather, and I have no one to leave them with, so that keeps me shut in. You ought to be glad you can go out."

CAPTURED THE LADY'S WATCH

Auburn-Haired Young Man Didn't Mean to Do It, but It Caught on a Button.

He was such a straight, manly fellow—with a military bearing and a soldierly tread. He had auburn hair, and he blushed easily, and, above all, he was keenly alive to the rights of his fellow-beings and anxious to do the right thing by them. But he and his friend were hurrying from the local to catch the subway express, and they would have caught it, but they got "way" watch!" a woman screamed.

The manly fellow strode on, conscious of virtue.

"Hold on, hold on," said the auburn-haired man's friend, clutching his arm, "you're carrying off a lady's watch," and he twisted the watch and chain, which had wound itself around his coat button.

The woman was still angry when she overtook them, and scarcely convinced that the blushing man was not old at the game, but she got away in time to board the express.

The auburn-haired man and his friend missed it.

The Short-Lived Pin.

By a series of experiments conducted on his estate a French investigator has discovered that pins get the way of all flesh and are resolved into dust. It is said that the experiment was watched for 164 days, disappearing at the end of that time, having been resolved into a ferrous oxide, a brownish rust, which was blown away by the wind. Bright pins took nearly 18 months to disappear; polished steel needles nearly two years and a half; brass pins had but little endurance; steel pens at the end of 15 months had nearly gone, while their wooden holders were still intact. Pencils, with which he also experimented, suffered little by exposure; the lead was unharmed, and the cedar almost as good as new.

War, Wives and Whales.

Workmen excavating for a cellar in Sag Harbor, L. I., have laid bare the foundations of the home of Capt. David Hand—a hero of the Revolutionary war. Many relics were found, flintlock rifles and coins. The house of Captain Hand was the first house built in Sag Harbor. Besides being a famous soldier, Captain Hand, who was mentioned in several of J. F. Kennedy's books, was a well-known master whaler. The old warrior lies buried in Oakland cemetery, Sag Harbor, beside the graves of his five wives. The epitaph on his tombstone reads as follows: "Behold, stranger, as you pass by, how thick the partners of one husband lie."

Swift's Face.

There is nothing new to learn, it seems, about Swift's relations with Stella and Vanessa. There is, however, it is pointed out, a hint in a hitherto unpublished letter of Swift, to Swift written in October, 1714, which may be worth noting. The ladies of your acquaintance are, I confess, a little hard upon you in regard to faces to the you down to ugliness and age. But you know best if it be not just, since the world says you may command a very agreeable one and yet defer it. The last sentence is erased in the draft as if on second thought the writer raised to abuse Swift's indignation by alluding to a private matter as Stella's regard for him.

Four Generations in Hunting Field.

It was interesting to see four generations of one family in the saddle at a meet of the York and Albany. Sir Edward Green, who is now in his eightieth year, was there wearing scarlet, finding just the same pleasure as he took in the sport 50 years ago. His sons, Lyett Green (many years master of the pack) and Frank Green, were present, also the latter's son, Edward Green, and finally B. Green's son, Master Edward Green, who looks like being as keen on fox hunting as his forebears. "Pill" Mall (the

Her Mother's Economy

By Clara Inez Deacon

Eunice always dreaded the coming of spring because there was always the distressing thought that just when all the living world was putting on its bravest and best she must go forth as usual wearing that old black leg-born hat.

Eunice's mother had bought the hat which was the best of its kind to be had because it was always her rule to get the best or go without. In vain Eunice begged for cheaper things and the privilege of having them changed occasionally.

Mrs. Lys was English and obdurate. As she had been dressed she dressed her own daughter. The leghorn hat had been turned and twisted and coaxed into some semblance to prevailing modes until Eunice was ashamed to take it to Miss Adams, who was too conscientious to spoil it and thus make necessary the buying of new headgear.

This season the styles were varied and bewilderingly beautiful. Day after day Eunice lingered before the enticing plate glass windows of Miss Adams' millinery parlors when long ago the black leghorn had come to admire and yearn and choose with that sickening sense of futility which hurts to the very soul. She knew exactly the kind of hat she wanted—a white horsehair with a froth of willow plume about the crown. Miss Adams had just such a hat and it was marked \$20. Eunice had not seen the price, but Edith Deans had. In fact, Edith had tried on the wonderful hat.

"And oh, it's the sweetest thing really, Eunice!" Edith said. "And I looked—well, of course, it's out of the question for me. My mother can't afford \$20 hats, but your mother can. You ought to have it since you want it so badly. And anyway, it's time you had a new hat. You must be deathly sick of that old leghorn."

"I am," admitted Eunice, faintly, swallowing at a sob. "But mother thinks it will do very well for a while yet. And, of course, it will. Eunice was loyal to her mother. "Only I don't want a new hat this spring."

"Well," said Edith conclusively, "all I can say is, if you don't have one you'll look like a fool. You'll be sure to get a new hat. You must be deathly sick of that old leghorn."

"I am," admitted Eunice, faintly, swallowing at a sob. "But mother thinks it will do very well for a while yet. And, of course, it will. Eunice was loyal to her mother. "Only I don't want a new hat this spring."

Desperation Had Lent Her Skill.

Edith didn't expect Ward Royce to pay you much attention.

Eunice knew that. Her throat ached so miserably that she could not answer. "I saw him with Belle White yesterday," Edith went on with the frank crudelity of youth and personal inexperience. "She was dressed to kill everything new. You know, that big black hat we both liked so much—one of the first Miss Adams showed. Well, she had on that hat. And she looked stunning."

Still Eunice did not answer. She went home helplessly unhappy to find her mother sitting in the cheerful company of an overflowing workbasket.

"I'm making over the sleeves of your shirtwaists, dear," she said. "I've found that by using a smaller pattern I can cut out all the worn places. The waists will wear for a good while yet. And I find," went on Mrs. Lys brightly, as if she were imparting the most pleasing information, "that I can turn your plaid skirt. It isn't faded a particle on the under side. That comes of buying the best material. Always remember that, dear. The plaid skirt will do very nicely to wear with your shirtwaists all summer."

Eunice's lips quivered. Ward would never look at her again. Men thought so much of a girl's being well-dressed. "I suppose," she said, making desperately one last appeal, "that if I am to wear that old skirt and all those old waists, I can have a new hat to go with them, can't I, mother?"

Mrs. Lys looked at her daughter in frank amazement. "Why, child?" she said. "Why, I expect that hat to do you for two seasons yet. It is a very good hat, indeed—much better than any I had when I was your age. I am surprised that you should be dissatisfied with it, Eunice."

Eunice was silent. But that night after she had gone to her room she sat a long time by the window, thinking and crying.

Eunice was very young and very deeply, very helplessly, she believed, in love. Suddenly there came the twang of a banjo and a soft voice singing:

"Weep no more my lady,
Weep no more today!"

"I won't," said Eunice to herself, softly, for her mother slept on the other side of the wall. "but before I sleep I'll have a session with that hat. I'll never again take it to Miss Adams to have her city trimmer laugh at it."

Eunice had never trimmed a hat in her life. She felt a fierce pleasure now in tripping the faded plink roses from the black leghorn, and she wheedled the limp brim to assume stability. Then she applied some ribbon and worsted belt buckle after a manner which she had observed in Miss Adams' window. She was amazed at her own achievement. Desperation had lent her skill. She tried it on before the glass. It was not unbecoming. Then she crept into bed.

She showed the hat to her mother next morning.

"It looks well," was Mrs. Lys' only comment.

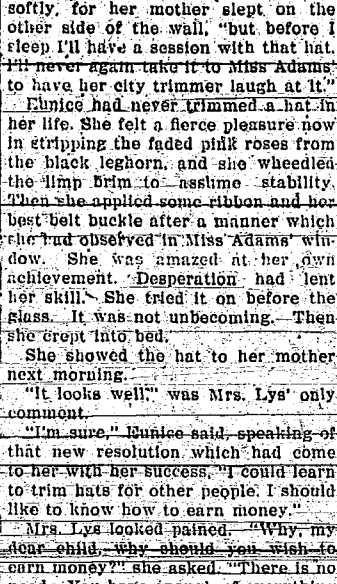
"I'm sure," Eunice said, speaking of that new resolution which had come to her with her success, "I could learn to trim hats for other people. I should like to know how to earn money."

Mrs. Lys looked pained. "Why, my dear child, why should you wish to earn money?" she asked. "There is no need. You have enough of everything now."

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SAGINAW, MICH.

Look, Eunice!" cried Kitty. "Look, Edith! There's Royce and Elmer Brent out there in that canoe."

It was, indeed, Ward and Elmer. And when they saw the quartet in the larger boat they shouted greeting and paddled toward them. At that moment Eunice thought—she was never sure that she felt something touch her hat as if a pin was being stealthily withdrawn. But before she had time to lift her hand to her head a smart little breeze came puffing over the water and whisked her hat from her head. She gave a little cry as she saw it go, dipping and skimming on the current in the direction of the canoe.

It was Ward Royce who rescued that hat finally at the risk of a good wetting. He handed it to Eunice dripping, a hopelessly sodden thing. "Hat was weeping elaborately, with sad eyes on Eunice, whose face was scarlet. She felt joy and shame and relief all at once. The hat was a wreck. Surely she could never wear it again."

Ward Royce detached Eunice from the others of the group and walked home with her that afternoon. He carried the hat and placed out Eunice's explanation of the catastrophe to her slightly surprised mother. "You couldn't have pinned it securely," Mrs. Lys said. "Well, you may go and get another hat, dear. You shall choose for yourself this time. You are quite old enough. Only get something handsome and wearable and remember I do not wish to pay more than \$15."

Eunice bought the white horsehair hat with the frothy willow plume. And then because it was such a handsome hat that it put all Eunice's other belongings quite to shame Mrs. Lys decided that she must have a dainty fingerie frock to go with it.

So it came about that Eunice was as charmingly clad that summer as even she could wish to be. And because she looked so sweet and was so sweet Ward Royce paid her that kind of extravagant attention which only ends in the one perfect way, though he maintained with the absolute conviction of the man in love that he had learned to adore her not under the willow plume, but under the old black leghorn.

Why He Doubted.

"Jasper," said Mrs. Grigson, who was looking over the morning paper, "what's the story of a woman who was robbed on a street car in broad daylight, and yet the thief got away unscathed?" Mr. Grigson said that he had seen the item, but that it was either a typographical error or else the story was pure invention.

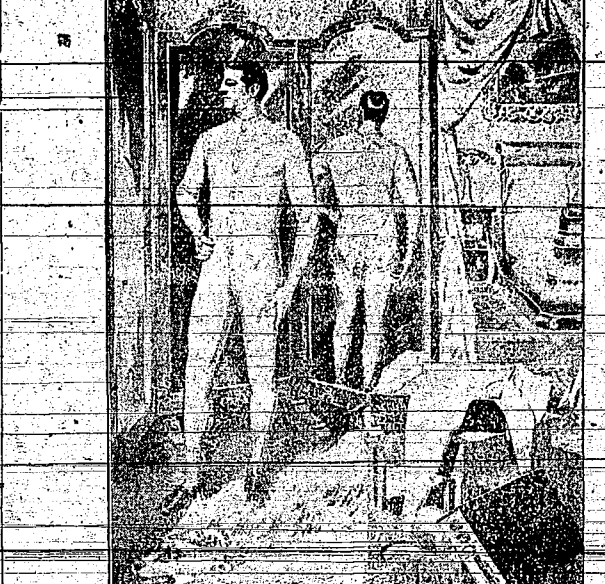
"Why do you say that?" asked his wife. "Look at the item again. It says her purse contained a hundred dollars in currency, doesn't it?" "Yes!" "It says there was also a receipted bill for a \$5 hat, does it not?" "Yes."

"Well, no woman with a hundred dollars in cash in her possession would buy a \$5 hat," Youth's Companion.

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HIS HEART'S DESIRE

Dr. Lambert waited expectantly, his face flushed, his whole attitude that of patience and gentle dignity.

"Maddy, don't refuse. I've asked you to marry me since you wore short skirts and pig-tails."

"I'm sorry, Boyd, but it can't be. You know my ambition. The stage is my life. I never intend to marry," said Madeline Morris firmly.

"But you surely don't think of the aftermath—I mean when the time comes for you to give up your work. A career is all right for a few years, but in her heart of hearts a woman naturally desires a home and some one to love her."

"I don't," she declared, avoiding his eyes.

"You mean you think you don't?" corrected Lambert.

"You dear old Boyd! Of course I can't mean you understand. You men prate of superior reasoning powers, but you have to own up that women will ever remain an enigma. I just couldn't be contented back in Prairie City. I must have a wider horizon."

Quickly his glance took in every detail of her pleasant smile of rooms, one of the best that the hotel afforded—then traveled back to her.

"Maddy, so I must go home with another refusal. I had let myself dream of a different outcome. Your father will be grieved. Before I left, he came to me with tears in his eyes to bid me good-bye."

"Father has Margaret to look after him."

"Yes, and Margaret is good and kind, but you were always his pet."

"I get home twice a year to see him, and then my salary helps wonderfully. Doctors haven't a reputation for being good business men. Father has thousands of dollars on his books that he will never get."

"Maddy, I must be going. It is getting near my train time," he interrupted, rising. "If you ever change your mind remember that there is a heart and home waiting for you in Prairie City."

Madeline arose and extended her hand. "You are so very, very kind."

"Good-bye, Maddy."

"Good-bye."

He paused an instant after opening the door and gave her one long look. Then the door closed and he was gone.

It had been six months since Boyd's visit when one night after the opening performance in Chicago, Madeline was handed a telegram with trembling hands she tore open the yellow envelope and read:

"Madeline Morris, Olympic Theater—Your father very low. Come at once."

"BOYD."

The next morning she arrived in Prairie City. Margaret, looking tired and worried, met her at the train with old Daisy and the queer family survey. After warm greetings, Margaret and Madeline drove home.

"Father had a very bad stroke of paralysis. He can't speak," Margaret whispered. "Boyd says that he won't live through the night."

They were nearing the old home—a big white house with an old-fashioned garden in front. On the porch steps they met Doctor Lambert, a trifle older looking than when Maddy had last seen him.

He paused for a few moments to exchange greetings.

"I'm in a hurry, Maddy. I have to go to the office, but I'll be back in a minute."

Margaret stood a short distance from Maddy, trying his brief conversation. The actress thought the expression in Margaret's eyes was unmistakable; her sister was in love with Boyd.

When Doctor Lambert returned Maddy went up to see her father. He was asleep—The pale, wax face startled her and her eyes filled suddenly.

Doctor Lambert brought her a chair. She sank into it and waited five minutes or more—it seemed ages before her father stirred, then opened his eyes. His gaze fastened itself immediately upon her. There came over his kind old face a look of unutterable joy as he made a motion that Boyd understood.

Reaching for a pad of paper and a pencil on the table, he handed them to Doctor Morris. In the meantime, Maddy had risen and was pressing kisses upon her father's cheek.

Slowly the pencil moved over the paper. It was such a painful effort. Then when it was finished he gave it to Maddy.

This was what she read:

"Dear Maddy: It gives me great great joy to have you home. God bless you. My heart's desire—you know it—Boyd and I are waiting."

"Maddy, answer him quickly. You see his life hangs on a thread!" Doctor Lambert advised, rather sternly.

"Wait!" she cried, her voice trembling.

"You must decide," Doctor Lambert almost commanded. "I love you, Maddy. You know it, then why do you wait?"

"Sister loves you," she faltered.

"Yes, like a brother," came his conclusive answer.

She knew that the most important moment of her life had come.

She turned. The light was slowly fading in her father's eyes. He scarcely breathed.

Doctor Lambert held out his arm to her. There was one last struggle with her ambition—then love triumphed.

"Yes, father, yes," she cried, hoarsely, her breath coming hard and fast in the excitement of her sudden decision. "I have loved him always."

When Burglars Met

Patricia Weldon held the receiver to her ear and listened to her chum's voice.

"Pat, dear, do you mind running over to our house to put a few shovels of coal in our furnace? Tom wants me to stay in town for dinner. We will be out on the nine-forteen. It's an awful thing to ask you to do, dear, but we don't want the fire to go out on such a cold night. You don't mind? You are a darling, Pat, and don't forget that when you go in by the cellar door to close it gently—sometimes the lock slips and locks itself. Be careful. Good-bye, dear."

Patricia hung up the receiver. She decided to go over to the house herself and attend to the fire. The Stone home was just across a small lot. She slipped her long fur coat over her tea gown and after locking her own door she went over to the house of her friend.

She found no difficulty in opening the cellar door and removed her heavy coat and left it on the smooth, white stairs before venturing to the blackness of the cellar. Patricia went bravely on toward the furnace and began to shovel the coal.

In the big living room above a man sprang quickly to his feet.

"By Jove! There's somebody prowling about in the cellar!" He tiptoed over to a huge bag lying on the couch and took out a large, ugly-looking shotgun.

"I'll just surprise him at his own game—even if the gun isn't loaded."

The man crept cautiously down the cellar stairs, the noise of shuffling down the fire-drowning his footsteps.

Patricia Weldon took one last look into the fire and, turning suddenly, found herself looking into the muzzle of a shotgun. She promptly did the first thing that entered her head: She fell in a faint to the floor.

The man's gun fell almost before the girl dropped. He rushed to her side and with something very much like a swear word on his lips, picked up the fainted mass of unconscious beauty and with shaking hands but steady arms carried it up the stairs.

When he stopped, half-way up, to kick the fur coat out of his way, Patricia found her senses. She felt herself being rather reluctantly put down on the couch in the living room. The man sat down beside her then and with a man's awkwardness began to fan her with a magazine.

"Wake up, girl! For goodness' sake wake up!"

Patricia felt instinctively that his next move would be for water, and as she had no desire to be soaked she opened her eyes slowly and effectively.

"Who are you and how do you happen to be in Mrs. Stone's house?" she asked.

"Who are you and how do you come to be in my sister's house?" she asked.

The man laughed.

Patricia jumped up. "Alice Stone's brother! She has never even mentioned that she has a brother!"

"Nor has she mentioned to me that she has a new chum!"

"If the light of understanding dawned in both minds at the same time neither spoke of it."

"I have just come in from a hunting trip and before that I had about circled the globe."

"I suppose the gun you were about to shoot me."

"Was not loaded. I can't tell you how sorry I am to have frightened you. I couldn't see any one until you fell—the turn was sudden."

"It was stupid of me to faint. I had come over to fix the fire for Alice."

"If you feel equal to it now, I will get your coat and take you home. The man leaned forward in his chair. Patricia looked up. "Are you married?" she asked suddenly.

"No. Are you?"

"No."

Then they both laughed.

"Because," Patricia continued, "I prefer, in this instance, to be sensible rather than strictly proper. There is no one home at my house and there is no one here to get your dinner. Now, I am not much of a cook but I intend to get your dinner for you."

The girl looked him squarely in the eyes. "There is not a bit of sense in your sitting alone here and me alone there, especially when—"

"When what?" A light had come into Dick's eyes.

"When I—when you are my best friend's brother." She turned quickly toward the kitchen.

"Alice said there was a nice little steak and some lettuce—"

"Alice!" Pat turned swiftly toward him, her cheeks scarlet. "What does Alice know about this affair?" She looked suspiciously at Dick Farel.

"Did she know you were here?"

"Sure! I saw her in town and she told me how to get in and to make myself perfectly at home."

Patricia was looking at him accusingly.

"I wouldn't have frightened you out of your wits with a gun if I had known about you," he put in, defending himself.

Tlien Pat smiled.

"Alice is not very particular about whom she sends to you for a cook."

"She knows I am not looking for a cook." Dick looked into the girl's eyes.

HE HAD A THOUGHT

"If there's anything a man dislikes," said young Bailey Yarger, "it is art in a woman! What he likes is a whole-souled honesty in looks as well as in manners. You can always tell the real thing!"

"Of course," agreed Winnie Hill admiringly. Winnie always made a bit by her promptness in agreeing with masculine opinions as lauded out by the men themselves. She was very pretty—after a rich and brilliant fashion—and she and young Bailey Yarger were engaged to be married.

"That's what first attracted me to you," Yarger went on, admiringly. "A fellow can't help but admire genuine-ness when he meets it."

"Three of my puffs are just pinned on," Winnie reminded him, virtuously. She looked pathetic as she said it and he patted her shoulder encouragingly.

"Oh, well," he reassured her. "If that's the style in hairdressing you're not to blame! You just do as others do and it's no fault of yours! What I can't understand is why women think they fool any one! A blind man can detect a drug-store complexion a block away, and as for the ruby hair or the glittering golden locks they turn out while you wait—if you've got the price—well, all I've got to say is I wish mine made such a noise of being different!"

"I don't believe I ever could think the same of her again!" agreed Winnie Hill. "Of course not," agreed Winnie Hill. "You've got too much sense!"

"They can't fool me!" said Yarger, grimly. "I've got my eyes open as much as the next one, haven't I, little girl?"

"You're terribly smart," Winnie murmured, still admiringly. "I always wonder when I stop to think about it, what you ever saw in me to make you fall in love with me!"

"I couldn't help doing it," explained Yarger, fondly. "I guess you're as smart as I am any day of the week when it comes to that! And did you ever look in the glass?"

"I don't like to be flattered," Winnie reminded him, putting in the manner which means that a woman likes it very much. Indeed, "I don't like to think it's just my looks."

"I don't," protested Yarger. "I'm not saying that they don't help! It's kind of nice to have the girl you fall in love with a mighty good-looking, besides being everything else that's nice. And your face is real!"

"You'll make me vain in a minute," Winnie said, sweetly. She regarded him seriously with her brown eyes. "I guess women like men," she added, irrelevantly, "because they're so child-like! The nicer they are the more juvenile they seem to be!"

"How old am I then?" Yarger inquired.

"Oh," Winnie told him, meditatively, with her head on one side, "you're about 24 1/2, I think!"

For some days afterward Miss Hill appeared thoughtful. Something seemed to have dampened her spirits. Yarger wondered about it helplessly. One night when he called to take her to the theater he observed as she descended the stairs that she seemed actually solemn.

"Don't you feel well?" he inquired solicitously as she walked over toward the mantel mirror.

She made no answer, but opened her silver mesh bag and with deliberation extracted several articles which she carefully laid on the mantel shelf. Leaning forward, she proceeded to do something at which Yarger, watching her, was amazed.

Winnie looked around with the eyebrow pencil in her fingers. "You see," she said casually, "my eyebrows grow so very dark and thick at the start and then dwindle out to nothing from the middle to the other end that I have to help them out. Otherwise I'd look like a freak. There—how's that?"

Apparently she did not observe his stupefied silence. She went on with her work. "I've seen a lot of color as a usual thing," she murmured, "that if I happen to be a little pale I look dreadful, and then I dab it on gently! It's a new kind and really it doesn't show! When I have a cold in the head, as I have tonight, I always look washed-out—And—Miss Hill—turned and faced Yarger—defiantly—and I loath gray hair! When mine begins to turn I'm going to dye it if it takes the last cent in the family treasury! If you can't detect it any more readily than you've detected my occasional rouge and my poor little eyebrow pencil I don't see that I'll do any hurt, so there, now!"

"It was your childlike trust that made me tell you, Bailey! I couldn't bear to go on deceiving you! And now—if you can't love me any more why not, why, just say so!"

Yarger recovered himself. "You may paint yourself purple, green and blue if you want to, Winnie!" he said, heroically. "Somehow my affection doesn't seem blighted a particle! I guess it makes a difference who the girl happens to be! But to think I never noticed!"

"That," said Winnie, putting away her handkerchief, "is because you're a man, you darling!"

An incoherent.

"When I started in life I hadn't nearly your advantage," said the father.

"Quite true," replied the gilded youth. "But you shouldn't reproach me for that. Speak to granddaddy!"

Nothing to Think About

"Yes," said the nice little old woman from her corner seat in the lobby of the family hotel, "we shut up our house and moved here so I could get a little rest and quiet. Daughter said I'd never recover my nervous tone as long as I had a house on my hands to fuss over. I take such an interest in things when I do take an interest—and you know what a house is! Something all the time to upset you and keep you thinking and planning! The doctor said I needed a complete mental rest, with no responsibility and nothing to distract me, and that's why we went to boarding."

"I like it here—don't you? Of course I don't know that I like all the people. For instance, the folks in the room next to mine must be dupes. They come home at all hours of the night, my dear, all hours! They walk perfectly straight down the corridor, because I can tell by their steps, but you needn't tell me that two o'clock in the morning is a respectable hour for a man and his wife to get home three or four nights every week."

"I've never laid eyes on them, not that I've tried to, of course, but you'd think I'd run upon them in the hall going in or out. Every time I hear a door close and think it's theirs I find when I get out into the hall it's somebody else going out. It's very suspicious."

"You don't happen to know their name, do you? Not that I care—I just wonder."

"That's a pretty girl who just went by—the one in the lynx furs. Oh, you must have noticed her. She's the one that sits at the table under the electric fan nearest the north window and a young man with straight-up blond hair comes to see her every Tuesday evening. There's another one calls too, but he's not so regular. She's so dark that they'd make a fine couple, wouldn't they?"

"If people only use common sense there's not a bit of chance for marriages to turn out unhappily. Just look at the Carlingtons here—anybody can see they're unhappy because he just burlesques himself in his newspaper at meals and snaps if she asks him to pass anything. I didn't get a bit of salad the other night because my waiter took it away while I was watching to see if Carling wouldn't speak to his wife before he finished his coffee. I don't see how she stands it—it's so apparent to outsiders. I feel so sorry for her that I just hate to catch her eye when I'm looking at them. She has a way of looking up suddenly when you don't expect it! I should think she'd have known by the shape of his chin that she'd no business to marry him. Some women never pay any attention to those things."

"Didn't that automobile wake you up the other night? Why the big green one that stopped out in front of the hotel about half past three and chugged away for such a long time. I think whoever came home in it hadn't any money to pay the bill and the chauffeur had to go inside to collect it."

"That Grosbeck man wasn't down to breakfast at all the next morning—I know, because I went early to mine and then read my paper in the lobby, and I could see every one who came out of the dining room, and he never appeared. I hate to say for certain that he was the one who came home in that automobile, but I have my suspicions. He always looks as though he came out of a bandbox, too, and a man like that'll bear watching."

"Shouldn't you think that woman with the pinkish hair would get tired running down town so much? She's marked one week and she went out six mornings straight. She wears her best sable fur to show in town, and that's what drives a lot of husbands and beats out extravagance. Sable is so delicate! I should think she could have enough useful things to do at home instead of gadding about so much. I'll warrant she doesn't keep her husband's socks darned. It's the most curious color for hair. I'd hate to say she dyed it, but what's a person to think, I'd like to know? Six times in one week—"

"You say maybe she was going to the dentist? Oh, well, perhaps so, but I don't believe it. This time of year everybody is too busy to bother with the dentist. She was just hunting up more duds to spend her husband's money for, that's what she was up to. I think it's a shame—and he looks so gray. Well, perhaps he is old enough to be gray, anyhow, but if she'd be the right sort of wife, instead of extravagant, he wouldn't be half worried into his grave."

"Do you suppose those clerks read the postal cards before they distribute them in our boxes? They seem to take such a long time over the mail. Mrs. Bings, the grass widow, got one from Europe yesterday. I was standing right there when the postman laid the bundle down and it was up top. She seems quiet, but I'll warrant she's deep. Corresponding with some man abroad is a bad sign."

"Yes," the nice little old woman concluded, "it's getting a good rest here, because there's absolutely nothing to distract me, and occupy my mind!—Sometimes I wish there was something for me to take an interest in!"

Easy Money.

"There are all sorts of ways to get rich."

"Yes, indeed. Some men sell bogus mining stock and some just rob the Illinois Central railroad."

FRIENDS PLENTY IN YOUTH

But Love and Trust, Often Betrayed, Are Not So Easy for One Who Has Reached Manhood.

In youth our friends are many. Each child, thank God, is born into the world with one friend ready made, complete and perfect—his own mother. For the mother loves and protects, but at any rate there is never a lack of understanding, for she, of all, knows the very stuff of which we are made—our strength and our weakness, our endurance and our failures. This, at least, is one of the heartening facts of life—that the child need never forego some friendships. It makes slight claims. It asks only some one to share its activities and its interests; its love of building and of skating, of taking and paddling. Provided we revel in the same things as we do, behold! Here for childhood is a friend ready made! And for a moment the solitude of the pilgrim's soul upon its long way is dispelled.

Youth, too, forms ties lightly from out the very exuberance of its living. It loves as readily as it breathes. It idealizes and finds it difficult to recognize any bleak fact in human nature. If the friends seem for the moment to fall, youth has an unexhausted fund of hope that remembers this one as the only failure, or remembers that back of the failure lies all the material of future success.

But manhood is more difficult. Love and trust, often betrayed, are not easy for one full-grown and far along the path of life. That friendship is best which is old and true, like wine, has stood the test of time. Friendships born in obscurity and misfortune are harder and more lasting than those born in ease. Like human characters they grow strong on the very obstacles that test them; they are firmer, more strongly welded, as they overcome and still endure—Harper's Weekly.

WAS LAW UNTO HIS PATIENTS

Paris Doctor Won Strange Bets Through Their Obedience to His Extraordinary Prescriptions.

One of the most successful physicians at least in his hold on his patients, was David Gruby, who died in Paris in 1898. He was a Hungarian by birth, but had lived many years in the French capital.

His methods of treatment, while entirely logical in principle, were often highly original, not to say fantastic, in the form they took, yet it was to them in a great measure that he owed his remarkable vogue among the most intelligent classes of Paris.

His influence over his patients was such, says a writer in the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette, that he was able, as the result of a wager to induce some of the best-known Parisians to walk up and down the Avenue des Champs-Elysees during a whole forenoon.

In accordance with his prescription each of these patients—lawyers, engineers, writers, dramatists, gentlemen of leisure—was to swallow a prune every ten meters while walking along the avenue and this was carried out to the letter and with the utmost seriousness, to the amazement of the fellow-practitioners, whom Gruby had invited to witness this singular therapeutic procedure.

One of his most distinguished patients, Alexandre Dumas, was said to have obtained great benefit from a green apple which he was instructed to eat every day under the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile after a walk of a given length.

The Spider Cure.

The request for a "cure" to put a spider in to cure a baby's whooping cough, which has just started a Boston (Eng.) shopkeeper recalls the "cures" of the past. There were, and indeed is, for instance, that with belief in the web as a remedy for cuts, warts and bruises and that substitution of the eastern countries which credited it with power to cure fevers. The weaver of the web, too, was looked upon as a doctor of medicine.

A note from an Ancient Notes and Queries gives the illustration: "One of my parishioners suffering from a severe cold, wrote a Somerset vicar, 'was advised to catch a large spider and shut him up in a box. As he pines away the disease is supposed to wear itself out.' A similar belief prevailed in the south of Ireland, but there treacle had to be substituted for the box as coffin for the spider heater."

Story That Got Near-Sighted Man.

"While I think I am rather inclined to give, yet I try to be discriminating, not to give to every beggar with an 'I'm and obviously untrue tale,' but the near-sighted man, 'I tell him positively for a story new to me this morning."

"Those said this man as he looked at me, 'I've lost my spectacles and I'm trying to get together money enough to buy another pair.'"

"You know if I should lose my spectacles I should be lost myself, and on that story I gave up without another thought."

The Finish.

"Isn't your new gown finished yet?" "Oh, gracious, no! The dressmaker's work on it was only completed last Saturday."

"But if the dressmaker's through, isn't that all?"

"Of course not! All my friends have to criticize it yet."

SHORTEST ROUTE TO JAPAN

It is Along the Aleutian Islands, Which Stretch Out From Alaska Toward Asiatic Continent.

Few persons are aware that the shortest route from San Francisco to Japan is by way of Alaska. Nearly a thousand miles are saved by vessels trading with the Orient by coasting along the Aleutian Islands, rather than following the Hawaiian route.

The Aleutian Islands, which extend in a chain east and west for more than a thousand miles, are inhabited by the remnant of the Aleuts, their war of the revolution closed just as the American Revolutionary war began.

So patriotic were the Aleuts, so brave in their struggle for independence, that they succumbed to the Russians only after a conflict of nearly fifty years, and then simply because the race was almost exterminated in the struggle. While the Aleutian Islands must eventually form an important link in the commerce between the United States and the Orient, other islands flank our country with the vast empire to the north.

The narrow Behring Straits lie two little islands, one occupied by Russia, the other by the United States, so that citizens of the two great nations live on respective islands within a few miles of each other.

CANNOT SHOW THEIR TEETH

Dentists at Disadvantage in the Matter of Advertising, Compared With Other Professions and Businesses.

"Men in every other profession and business have the advantage of dentists in the matter of advertising."

said a man with forceps in his hand. "They can persuade good-looking young women to wear their goods for photographic purposes—the dentist cannot. The whitest, evenest set of false teeth ever made cannot tempt a woman to wear them and be photographed with her mouth wide open."

Manufacturers of cosmetics and artificial hair are besieged by women who are willing to dab their faces with paint and powder and build their heads out with puffs and beads into any style of architecture desired for photographic advertisements. Nothing is too good for them.

The most absurd garment ever invented can find somebody to pose in it before the camera. But false teeth are universally blacklisted.

"Every woman who gets photographed with her mouth spread into a smile wants people to think that the teeth she shows are her own, and the dentist who would dare to label the picture 'These teeth made by Dr. Blank' would lay grounds for a libel suit."

His Book.

He was very old, and he seemed into the "pay-as-you-enter" car with difficulty. Once safely inside he seated himself in the corner of the car and began to read.

The car bumped its way along Walnut street, past Broad, past Fifth, past Sixth, past Seventh, past Eighth, past Ninth, past Tenth, past Eleventh, past Twelfth, past Thirteenth, past Fourteenth, past Fifteenth, past Sixteenth, past Seventeenth, past Eighteenth, past Nineteenth, past Twentieth, past Twenty-first, past Twenty-second, past Twenty-third, past Twenty-fourth, past Twenty-fifth, past Twenty-sixth, past Twenty-seventh, past Twenty-eighth, past Twenty-ninth, past Thirtieth, past Thirty-first, past Thirty-second, past Thirty-third, past Thirty-fourth, past Thirty-fifth, past Thirty-sixth, past Thirty-seventh, past Thirty-eighth, past Thirty-ninth, past Fortieth, past Forty-first, past Forty-second, past Forty-third, past Forty-fourth, past Forty-fifth, past Forty-sixth, past Forty-seventh, past Forty-eighth, past Forty-ninth, past Fiftieth, past Fifty-first, past Fifty-second, past Fifty-third, past Fifty-fourth, past Fifty-fifth, past Fifty-sixth, past Fifty-seventh, past Fifty-eighth, past Fifty-ninth, past Sixtieth, past Sixty-first, past Sixty-second, past Sixty-third, past Sixty-fourth, past Sixty-fifth, past Sixty-sixth, past Sixty-seventh, past Sixty-eighth, past Sixty-ninth, past Seventieth, past Seventy-first, past Seventy-second, past Seventy-third, past Seventy-fourth, past Seventy-fifth, past Seventy-sixth, past Seventy-seventh, past Seventy-eighth, past Seventy-ninth, past Eightieth, past Eighty-first, past Eighty-second, past Eighty-third, past Eighty-fourth, past Eighty-fifth, past Eighty-sixth, past Eighty-seventh, past Eighty-eighth, past Eighty-ninth, past Ninetieth, past Ninety-first, past Ninety-second, past Ninety-third, past Ninety-fourth, past Ninety-fifth, past Ninety-sixth, past Ninety-seventh, past Ninety-eighth, past Ninety-ninth, past One hundred, past One hundred and one, past One hundred and two, past One hundred and three, past One hundred and four, past One hundred and five, past One hundred and six, past One hundred and seven, past One hundred and eight, past One hundred and nine, past One hundred and ten, past One hundred and eleven, past One hundred and twelve, past One hundred and thirteen, past One hundred and fourteen, past One hundred and fifteen, past One hundred and sixteen, past One hundred and seventeen, past One hundred and eighteen, past One hundred and nineteen, past One hundred and twenty, past One hundred and twenty-one, past One hundred and twenty-two, past One hundred and twenty-three, past One hundred and twenty-four, past One hundred and twenty-five, past One hundred and twenty-six, past One hundred and twenty-seven, past One hundred and twenty-eight, past One hundred and twenty-nine, past One hundred and thirty, past One hundred and thirty-one, past One hundred and thirty-two, past One hundred and thirty-three, past One hundred and thirty-four, past One hundred and thirty-five, past One hundred and thirty-six, past One hundred and thirty-seven, past One hundred and thirty-eight, past One hundred and thirty-nine, past One hundred and forty, past One hundred and forty-one, past One hundred and forty-two, past One hundred and forty-three, past One hundred and forty-four, past One hundred and forty-five, past One hundred and forty-six, past One hundred and forty-seven, past One hundred and forty-eight, past One hundred and forty-nine, past One hundred and fifty, past One hundred and fifty-one, past One hundred and fifty-two, past One hundred and fifty-three, past One hundred and fifty-four, past One hundred and fifty-five, past One hundred and fifty-six, past One hundred and fifty-seven, past One hundred and fifty-eight, past One hundred and fifty-nine, past One hundred and sixty, past One hundred and sixty-one, past One hundred and sixty-two, past One hundred and sixty-three, past One hundred and sixty-four, past One hundred and sixty-five, past One hundred and sixty-six, past One hundred and sixty-seven, past One hundred and sixty-eight, past One hundred and sixty-nine, past One hundred and seventy, past One hundred and seventy-one, past One hundred and seventy-two, past One hundred and seventy-three, past One hundred and seventy-four, past One

Crawford Avalanche.

O. F. A. R. E. R. Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One Year \$1.50
Six Months .75
Three Months .40
Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Grayling, Mich., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY MAR. 9

1910 Slack for Lumber Industry

ONLY 114,408,523 FEET COM-
PARED TO 142,984,432 YEAR
BEFORE.

Shingles Fall Off, Too

3,812,043,269 Feet of Saw Logs
Hauled Over M. C. Mackinaw
Division Since 1880.

Lumber manufactured 1910, 114,408,523 feet.
Lath manufactured, 20,463,175 pieces.
Shingles manufactured, 30,697,000.
Logs hauled to mills, 153,749,580.

The foregoing represents the operations of the lumber industry in the territory owned by the Michigan Central, Mackinaw division, and tributary territory during 1910, as shown by figures furnished the operator to The Tribune. A few portable mills and two or three small shingle mills failed to reply for information.

The figures do not include a large quantity of cedar posts and poles, tan bark, railroad ties and wood hauled over the road.

The Mackinaw division extends north from Bay City to the Straits of Mackinaw and has numerous branches, the principal being the Detroit & Charlevoix better known as the "Ward Road," the Gladwin and Lewistown branches.

This region has been a great lumber products producer for half a century and for 20 years it has furnished the sawmills on the Saginaw river the bulk of their log supply. Since 1880 here has been hauled over this line, the staggering total of 3,812,043,269 feet of saw logs. And large quantities were hauled prior to 1880 on the lower portion of the road. Many sawmills of magnitude in operation 40 years ago have passed out of existence. Large mills were located at an early day at Kawawitum, State Road, Sterling, Pineconing, Deep River, Standish, West Branch, Alger, St. Helen and Roscommon.

The mill of the Batchelor Timber Co. at West Branch, manufactured last year 365,000 feet of pine, 4,000,000 feet of hemlock, and 4,900,000 feet of hardwood lumber, a total of 9,265,000 feet. Also 332,000 pieces of lath.

Henry Stephens & Co. operate a large plant at Waters and last year manufactured 11,694,460 feet of pine, 7,578,369 feet of hemlock, and 4,122,663 feet of hardwood lumber, a total of 23,395,472 feet. Also 7,811,100 pieces of lath. This company has timber enough for several years' operations. It began lumbering at St. Helen in 1880 where was manufactured a little more than four hundred million feet of lumber, and then the operations were removed to the present location. Grayling is one of the most important lumbering points north of Bay City on the Mackinaw division. Here the Salling-Hanson Co. has operated a quarter of a century. It is one of the strongest lumber concerns in the country and the members of the company stand very high in the business world. They have scored a marvelous success in the lumber industry, and have extensive interests in other localities than Grayling. The mill has a splendid record behind it for years.

Last year the company manufactured 6,581,523 feet of pine, 12,645,523 feet of hemlock and 7,667,059 feet of hardwood lumber, a total of 26,894,112 feet. Also 3,992,375 pieces of lath and 5,023,500 shingles. This company also operates a planing mill. The Kerry & Hansen flooring plant also operates a large flooring mill with a capacity of 10,000,000 feet or more a year.

R. Hanson & Sons operate a new mill at "T-Town," just at the outskirts of Grayling, which manufactured last year 20,580 feet of pine, 3,349,974 feet of hemlock and 3,354,547 feet of hardwood lumber, a total output of 6,725,101 feet of lumber.

The N. Michelson Lumber Co., Grayling people, two years ago started the lumber city on Houghton Lake, where the company acquired a large body of timber. Last year the company manufactured 500,000 feet of pine, 5,000,000 feet of hemlock and tamarack and 200,000 feet of hardwood lumber, a total of 5,700,000 feet. Also 14,000,000 shingles.

The Johannesburg Manufacturing Co., in which the Michelsons and Hansons are identified, and F. T. Michelson is manager, manufactured last year 184,000 feet of pine, 2,857,000 feet of hemlock and 6,120,000 feet of hardwood lumber, a total output of 12,162,000 feet. Also 1,190,000 pieces of lath.

The Michelson-Hanson Lumber Co., operating a large plant at Lewistown, on the Lewistown branch of the Michigan Central, closed operations in May last, having been actively engaged many years. It manufactured during the year before closing down approximately 3,500,000 feet of hemlock and 1,500,000 feet of hardwood lumber, the total being 5,000,000 feet. The mill has been dismantled and moved away.

At Lovell's, on the Lewistown branch, T. E. Douglas & Co. last year manufactured 1,000,000 feet of tamarack lumber, and 3,000,000 shingles.

Louis Jensen operates a mill at Sailing, the output last year being 25,000 feet of pine, 3,250,000 feet of hemlock and 1,750,000 feet of hardwood lumber, a total of 5,025,000 feet. Also 1,250,000 pieces of lath.

Humphrey Bros. at Gavford, manufactured 75,000 feet of hemlock and 25,000 feet of hardwood lumber, 100,000 feet in all.

Yull Bros. at Vanderbilt, manufactured 3,600,000 feet of hemlock lumber, also 3,000,000 pieces of lath.

The estate of David Ward, located at Deward, 12 miles west of Frederic, manufactured last year 8,120,558 feet of pine, 3,224,379 feet of hemlock, and 4,622,765 feet of hardwood lumber, a total of 15,967,702 feet. Also 2,389,700 pieces of lath and 554,000 shingles.

At West Branch Telfree & Co. manufactured 2,120,000 shingles.

Frank Kelle operated a shingle mill at Vanderbilt. No direct report was received, but the estimated output is 7,000,000 pieces.

COMPARISONS
Year Feet
1906 lumber manufactured 156,654,175
1907 144,776,513
1908 152,469,243
1909 142,984,432
1910 114,408,523

The shingle output in 1909 was 40,146,000 pieces, and the lath output was 25,448,500 pieces.—The Bay City Tribune.

Gentle Spring.

Hail, gentle Spring and let it blow in to our face kernalap.
You ought to blush, you old coquette, with Winter in your lap.

You manage somehow every year to do some naughty thing.
And yet with all your vagaries we love you gentle Spring.

Oh, gentle Spring, you fickle thing, you think you are a Beauty.
You hold old Winter in your lap 'till he can freeze the fruit.

And then you get good natured and blow your bawmy breath,
Cuttin' the Robins all get here, then freeze their half to death.

You are getting to be talked about, I wonder if that is why
You sometimes get down-hearted and sub and moon and cry.

And then you get your back up and rage and tear and blow,
And put us most unmercifully with hail and sleet and snow.

Truly you are a saucy jade with many devious ways,
With forty kinds of weather in half as many days.

But we can well forgive you because you ever bring
The dainty, sweet aromas, the rarest flower of Spring.

—George E. Metcalf.
Traverse City, Mich.

During the sugar beet season, which has just been completed, show that Michigan leads in the union in the production of beet sugar, with California second. Last year the state produced 260,000,000 pounds of sugar. The record the year before was 212,000,000.

There are 35,000 farmers engaged in the growing of beets in the state and 1,450,000 tons of beets were grown last year. The factories paid \$700,000 to farmers; the average price per acre being \$70. The average tonnage an acre was 12, which is three times greater than any previous year. Operating expenses of the 16 factories in the state amounted to \$3,000,000.

Crime and self-destruction have increased fourfold in Japan since her contest with Russia. There were 41,000 acts of suicide, mostly hara-kari, last year. The taxes and industrial depression are blamed. Norman Angell calculates the Franco-Prussian war has cost Germany \$400,000,000 more than she got in indemnities from conquered France. For instance, he says \$150,000,000 was spent by Germany in increasing its peace army to 530,000 men; \$400,000,000 in wages were lost by the Germans killed and wounded; the German war force was enlarged by 100,000 men, and that has been maintained for 40 years, at a total cost of \$1,000,000. Then there was the loss of the German trade and German foreign markets.—New York Press.

For Falling Hair

You Run No Risk When You Use This Remedy

We promise you that, if your hair is falling out, and you have not let it go too far, you can repair the damage, already done by using Rezall's "93" Hair Tonic, with persistency and regularity, for a reasonable length of time. It is a scientific, cleansing, antiseptic, mercurial preparation, that destroys microbes, stimulates good circulation around the hair roots, promotes hair nourishment, removes dandruff and restores hair health. It is a pleasant to use as pure water, and its delicate perfume. It is a real toilet necessity.

We want you to try Rezall's "93" Hair Tonic with our promise that it will cost you nothing unless you are perfectly satisfied with its use. It comes in two sizes, prices 50c and \$1.00. Remember, you can obtain Rezall Remedies in this community only at our store—The Rezall Store, A. M. Lewis & Co.

Tea & Cold Weather Drink.
One-third more tea is used in autumn and winter than in summer and spring.

Republican Ticket

State Convention at Saginaw Indorsed National Administration.

At the republican state convention held in Saginaw, matters passed off harmoniously on the whole. Some things were done and some left undone.

Among the matters left undone, pleasing and displeasing according to the position one holds regarding them, were endorsing reciprocity with Canada, endorsing Senator William Alden Smith to succeed himself as candidate for U. S. senator from Michigan, endorsing the initiative, referendum and recall plank so strongly advocated by Governor Osborn.

The convention strongly endorsed President Taft's administration, Governor Osborn, the direct election of United States senators, a special taxation commission, the giving of the railroad commission control over express rates and the present policy of economy in transacting affairs of the state.

The following state ticket was nominated:
Justices of the supreme Court—Russell C. Ostrander, Lansing and John E. Bird, Adrian.

Regents of the university—Benjamin S. Hanchett, Grand Rapids, and Lucius L. Hubbard, Houghton.
Members state board of education—Thomas W. Nadae, Olivet.

Superintendent of public instruction—Luther L. Wright, Ironwood.
Members State board of agriculture—John W. Beaumont, Detroit, and Jason Woodman, Paw Paw.

Attacks School Principal.

A severe attack on school principal, Cilas B. Allen, of Sylvania, Ga., is thus told by him. "For more than three years," he writes, "I suffered indescribable torture from rheumatism, liver and stomach trouble and digestive disorders. All remedies failed till I used Electric Bitters, but four bottles of this wonderful remedy cured me completely. Such results are common. Thousands bless them for curing stomach trouble, female complaints, kidney disorders, biliousness, and for new health and vigor. Try them. Only 50c at A. M. Lewis & Co."

May Vote on Primary Fund.

Unless all signs fail, there will be submitted to the people at the spring election the constitutional amendment changing the distribution of primary school money so that it will not pile up in the treasuries of districts that don't need it, but will be evenly distributed where it will do the most good.

Under the present system it is distributed per capita without consideration being given to the actual amounts needed for teachers, salaries, and there is now in school treasuries more than \$80,000, which is lying idle. In one district there is money enough on hand to pay the salary of the teacher for 22 years and in many others the amounts being held are sufficient to keep the schools going for terms, varying from 5 to 15 years and it continues to pile up each year.

Under the McNaughton constitutional amendment which passed the house without trouble and which is also assured favorable action in the senate, no district may have on hand more than enough to pay the teachers' expenses two years, in advance and when that sum is reached the distribution is automatically cut off and that district gets no more money until it needs it, the money being distributed among the districts, the expenses of which are in excess of the amount received from the state.

The only opposition which has developed is from the districts who have the money lying in the bank, their idea evidently being that they want to get all they can in the hope of a great development in the future. When the measure for submission is passed by the senate it will be given immediate effect so that it can be submitted at the April Election.

No Reason For Doubt

A statement of Facts Backed by a Strong Guarantee

We guarantee complete relief to all sufferers from constipation. In every case where we fail we will supply the medicine free.

Real Orderlies are a gentle, effective, dependable and safe bowel regulator, strengtheners and tonic. They re-establish nature's functions in a quiet easy way. They do not cause any inconvenience, griping or nausea. They are so pleasant to take and work so easily that they may be taken by anyone at any time. They thoroughly tone up the whole system to healthy activity.

Real Orderlies are unsurpassable and ideal for the use of children, old folks and delicate persons. We cannot too highly recommend them to all sufferers from any form of constipation and its attendant evils. Two sizes, 10c and 25c. Remember, you can obtain Rezall Remedies in this community only at our store—The Rezall Store, A. M. Lewis & Co.

Distance Too Far for Wireless.
The efforts made by the United States government to establish a wireless communication between Japan and San Francisco, by way of Hawaii, have been in the main unsuccessful, although messages have been successfully forwarded. At the present state of the art the transmission is too uncertain to be of any commercial value.



The Final Settlement.

A thoroughly up to the minute drama of American social life, "THE FINAL SETTLEMENT" will be the attraction at Opera House on Saturday, March 18, 1911. The play is by L. B. Parker, author of many successes, and is considered to be one of the best of his many compositions.

In the play, the hero, an ambitious young workingman, rises to be the president of a great iron mill corporation. Then comes his ambition to shine in the social world. To do this he divorces his faithful first wife and marries a beautiful actress, thinking her talent and social graces will open to him the doors of society. The final settlement between love, ambition, wealth and sentiment forms a startling denouement. It is from this climax that the drama gains its name.

Broad questions are raised by the drama, which holds up business and social success in sharp contrast with domestic happiness.

A strong company headed by H. Blosser Jennings will present the play here. Seats on sale at Lewis' Drug Store.

Important Notice.

TO ALL THE LADIES OF GRAYLING: There will be a meeting of all the ladies of the village of Grayling at 3:00 (standard time) in the afternoon of Friday of this week, Mar. 17, 1911, at the club rooms of the Grayling Social Club over Salling, Hanson & Co's store. The purpose of this meeting is to organize the ladies of our village for matters pertaining to our new hospital. Come and bring your lady friends. This meeting is of the greatest importance to each and every lady of the village.

Proposals Wanted.

The Superintendent of the Poor will receive sealed proposals from the Physicians of Crawford County, for the professional services and medicine for the County Poor for the coming year, until Tuesday noon April 11, 1911. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids. By orders of the Board.
M. L. A. B. Sec.

Election Notice.

To the Electors of Crawford County: You are hereby notified that at the General Election to be held in this State on Monday the third day of April, 1911. The following officers are to be voted for in the County of Crawford, Michigan: Two Justices of the Supreme Court, Two Regents of the University, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Member of the State Board of Education, Two Members of the State Board of Agriculture, and one Circuit Judge of the 34th Judicial Circuit.

In Witness Whereof, I have set my hand and seal this second day of February A. D. 1911.
H. G. BENEDICT,
Sheriff of Crawford Co., Mich.

Notice Patrons.

I hereby announce that I am in the field to take orders for all kinds of nursery stock for the Perry Nursery Company, for this spring delivery, the largest in the world. The most beautiful roses to be had, at very special rates. It pays to hold your orders till I can call.
Respectfully,
JOHN H. TOBIN

A Great Opportunity.

For Sale.—Two hundred acres of land on the south end of Portage Lake, the finest location on the finest lake in northern Michigan. Three forties fronting entire on the water and two joining on the south high land especially adapted for fruit or general farming. This property belongs to the estate of Chris. Larson, and must be sold. Call on or address, P. C. PETERSON, Grayling, Mich.

For Sale.

The County of Crawford offers for sale the old County Infirmary, situated on Ogema street, east, consisting of a nine room house in good repair, and two corner lots. Cheap for cash, or liberal terms on part. For price, see A. Taylor, Chairman of Building Committee.

Endless Chain.

What the great thinkers think to day the mass of thinkers will think to-morrow; and the day after the great army of non-thinkers will say that they always thought so.

Chancery Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN,
34th Judicial Circuit,
In Chancery.

Harry E. Parker,
Complainant,
vs.
Anthony Collins,
Defendant.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Crawford, in Chancery at Grayling, Michigan, on the last day of March A. D. 1911.

In this cause, it appearing from affidavit on file, that the defendant is not a resident of this state, that he did reside in the state of Illinois and that his present residence can not be ascertained; On motion of Geo. L. Alexander, Complainant's solicitor, it is ordered, that the appearance of said defendant, Anthony Collins, be entered herein within five months from the date of this order, and that within twenty days the complainant cause this order to be published in the Crawford Avalanche, said publication to be continued once in each week for six weeks in succession.

OSCAR PALMER,
Circuit Court Commissioner.
GEO. L. ALEXANDER,
Solicitor for Complainant.

Mortgage Sale.

Whereas Gilbert Vallad and Nina Vallad, his wife of Crawford County, Michigan made and executed a certain mortgage bearing date the 21st day of June 1909 to Nelson Gage of Houghton Lake, Michigan, which was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in the County of Crawford, on the 28th day of June A. D. 1909, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, in Liber E of mortgages on page 602, and whereas the amount claimed to be due upon said mortgage is the sum of Fifty and 50/100 (\$50.50) dollars for principal and interest, and no other fees or \$15.00, as provided by statute, and said mortgage, and no suit or proceedings has been instituted at law to recover the debt now remaining secured thereby, or any part thereof; And whereas default has been made in the payment of the money secured by said mortgage, whereby the power of sale contained therein has become operative;

Now, Therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of said power of sale and in pursuance thereof, and the statute of said state made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgage premises in public vendue to the highest bidder at the front door of the Court House at Grayling, in said County of Crawford that being the place of holding the Circuit Court within said county on the 12th day of June A. D. 1911, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon; the description of said premises contained in said mortgage is as follows:

The south west quarter (1/4) of the south east quarter (1/4) of section twenty-five (25), township twenty-eight (28) north of range three (3) east, Township of Maple Forest, Crawford County, Michigan.
Dated March 10th 1911.

NELSON GAGE,
Mortgagee.
GAFFNEY & MILTNER,
Attorneys for Mortgagee.
Business address Lake City, Michigan.
mar10-13w

A Pierce Night Alarm

In the house a startling cough of a child suddenly attacked by croup. Often it is a certain remedy Dr. King's New Discovery is, we have no fear. We rely on it for croup and for coughs colds or any throat or lung trouble. So do thousands of others. So may you. Asthma, Hay Fever, La Grippe, Whooping Cough, Hemorrhages, before it is 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Sold by A. M. Lewis & Co.

Washburns-Crosby's

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

The World's best possible

MAKES

BETTER AND CHEAPER

BREAD

than any other kind of flour

BUY IT

TRY IT!

SALLING HANSON CO

THE GOLDEN

Promise of Spring

Comes Floating Through The Store.

Here and there, and everywhere, like Blossoms Bursting forth, are the Newest, and the Latest for the coming season, now almost here!

The Spring of 1911 will be the Greatest of our Career.

We take pleasure in introducing to the Ladies' our New 1011 Dress Goods. Beautiful Patterns in Gingham, Flaxons, Foulards, Dimities, Tristans, Stripes and Shepherd Checks in Black and White 15, 25, 50 and 55 cents a yard, in suiting weights.

A. KRAUS & SON.

LEADING DRY GOODS STORE.

Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN
The Probate Court for the County of Crawford

At a session of said court, held at the probate office in the village of Grayling, in said county, on the 25th day of February A. D. 1911.
Present: Hon. Wellington Batterson Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Charles Johnson, deceased.
James W. Sorenson, a creditor having filed in said court his petition praying that the administration of said estate be granted to William T. Kirby, or some other suitable person. It is ordered, That the 31st day of March, A. D. 1911 at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed, for hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the CRAWFORD AVANCE, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

WILLINGTON BATTESSON
Judge of Probate.

[A true copy.]
WILLINGTON BATTESSON
mar25-3w

For Sale.

The S. 1/2 of the N. W. 1/4 of section 8, T. 28 N. of Range 3 West, Crawford County, Mich., 20 acres cleared, good wall on the land, hardwood stump land on main traveled road, 2 1/2 miles from Waters, nice lake one-fourth mile from land, will take \$250.00 cash for the same. Call or write,
ARCHIE HOWSE
Frederic, Mich.

Manistee & N. E. R. R.

Time Card
In effect Jan. 26, 1911.

Read Down.		Read Up.	
P. M.	Grayling	P. M.	Grayling
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CONNECTIONS:

At Walton for points north and south on G. & N. E. R. R.
At Kaleva for points on P. M. R. R.
At Manistee for Chicago and Milwaukee via West Line.
P. A. MITCHELL,
Gen. Traffic Mgr.
D. RIELLY,
Gen. Pass. Agt.

Which is Entirely Different.
It is true; as the Richmond Virginia says, that no man is a hero to his stenographer, but often he becomes her husband.—Charleston News and Courier.

8

FIRST ADDITION TO PORTAGE LAKE PARK.

Block	Acres	Amount of taxes	Interest	Collection fee	Charges	Total
lots 14, 16 and 18.	1.44	11	04	01	00	1.57
lot 17.	1.44	11	04	01	00	1.57
lots 1 and 2.	1.44	11	04	01	00	1.57
lots 3 and 5.	1.44	11	04	01	00	1.57
lots 4, 6, 10, 14, 28, 29 and 31.	1.11	29	04	01	00	2.44
lot 9.	1.11	29	04	01	00	2.44
lot 13.	1.11	29	04	01	00	2.44
lot 19.	1.11	29	04	01	00	2.44
lot 21.	1.11	29	04	01	00	2.44
lots 23 and 24.	1.11	29	04	01	00	2.44
lots 25, 28 and 30.	1.11	29	04	01	00	2.44
lot 27.	1.11	29	04	01	00	2.44
lots 33, 35, 37 and 41.	1.11	29	04	01	00	2.44
lot 34.	1.11	29	04	01	00	2.44

FOURTH ADDITION TO PORTAGE LAKE PARK.

lot 13.	1	27	04	01	1 00	1 23
lot 17.	1	27	04	01	1 00	1 23
lots 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 26, 27, 34 and 40.	1	34	38	00	1 00	1 39
lot 31.	1	27	04	01	1 00	1 23
lots 33, 35, 43 and 45.	1	66	15	02	1 00	1 73
lot 37.	1	17	04	01	1 00	1 23
lot 44.	1	17	04	01	1 00	1 23
lots 46, 47, 48, 49 and 50.	1	72	19	05	1 00	1 94
lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 11, 19, 22, 23 and 27.	1	27	33	33	05	1 00
lot 5.	2	17	04	01	1 00	1 23
lot 7.	2	17	04	01	1 00	1 23
lot 8.	2	17	04	01	1 00	1 23
lot 9.	2	17	04	01	1 00	1 23
lots 10, 12 and 14.	2	17	04	01	1 00	1 23
lot 13.	2	17	04	01	1 00	1 23
lot 15.	2	17	04	01	1 00	1 23
lots 16, 18 and 20.	2	17	04	01	1 00	1 23
lot 21.	2	17	04	01	1 00	1 23
lots 25, 26, 27, 28, 30, 33, 45, 47 and 48.	2	145	35	06	1 00	2 39
lot 35.	2	17	04	01	1 00	1 23

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GRAYLING, THURSDAY, MAR. 16

Local and Neighborhood News.

Take Notice

The date following your address on this paper shows, to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are \$1.50 per year in advance. If your time is up, please renew promptly. A X following your name means we wait our money.

All advertisements, communications, correspondence, etc., must reach us by Tuesday forenoon, and cannot be considered later.

Order your coal of Salling, Hanson Co. Prices low, and prompt delivery.

Call on George Langevin for dry wood, to be promptly delivered.

Order your coal of Salling, Hanson Co. Prices low, and prompt delivery.

Geo. Langevin delivers St. Charles coal at your house. Phone 591.

Bates sells the Best Coal.

The St. Helen Development Co. will sow 1,200 acres of land to alfalfa this year.

Let me quote you a price on Royal or Asbestos Roofing, put on. F. R. Deckrow.

FOR SALE—Two houses near the South Side Grocery Store. Call on or address, Olson Stool.

FOR SALE—Four houses in the village of Grayling, for particulars see or address T. BOESSEN. mar21

Fine Bathroom Outfit in display window No. 400 Cedar street. F. R. Deckrow.

St. Charles Coal is the best ever brought to this market. For sale by Geo. Langevin, Phone No. 591.

The first strawberries of the year were on the market here last Friday, and the first automobiles on the streets.

Parties desiring to mate their breeding hens with a first class Plymouth Rock mate, call on Nels Larson, south side. feb15

When you have rheumatism in your feet or instep apply Chamberlain's Liniment and you will get quick relief. It costs but a quarter. Why suffer? For sale by all dealers.

John Carter of St. Helen has bought an auto which he will use in showing land to prospective purchasers. It accommodates twenty passengers.

Mrs. Maude Belmore of Beaver Creek has a fine team which she offers for sale cheap. Address or call, Mrs. Maude Belmore, Wellington, Mich. mar21

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stannard returned from Flint yesterday, where they have enjoyed a winter's visit and rest with old home friends.

Gentlemen when you get ready for a new suit, call in and see. Satisfaction guaranteed. Shop over Colleen's Restaurant. A. E. Hendrickson. jan19-41

FOR SALE—A good six room house and four lots in a good location and good repair, for \$800.00, a good deal less than the house would cost today, call on or address E. H. WAINWRIGHT.

The most common cause of insomnia is the chronic constipation of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets correct these disorders and enable you to sleep. For sale by all dealers.

FOR SALE—Thirteen fine building lots, one hundred dollars and upwards. Dwelling house on lots one and two. Young orchard in bearing, any one or all lots will be sold. For particulars have a talk with Wright Havens, Grayling, Mich. jan19-41

If you have trouble in getting rid of your cold, know that you are not treating it properly. There is no reason why a cold should hang on for weeks and it will not if you take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For sale by all dealers.

Read the 2nd chapter of our continuing story, call attention of tax sales, in supplement of this week, and look for your land descriptions.

John W. Sickelsmith, Greensboro, Pa., has three children, and like most children they frequently take cold. "We have tried several kinds of cough medicine," he says, "but have never found any yet that did them as much good as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy." For sale by all dealers.

We have arranged with The Weekly Inter Ocean and Farmer so that our patrons can secure that sterling paper together with our own at the exceedingly low price of \$1.75 for one year. This is a rare opportunity and should be taken advantage of.

FOR SALE—A full line of bugles and harness for sale at my livery barn. A few second hand rigs, and anything you want, new from the factory. Call and if you do not find what you want in stock, find it in the catalogue. Geo. Langevin. jan26

Do you know that all the minor ailments colds are by far the most dangerous? It is not the cold itself that you need to fear, but the serious diseases that it often leads to. Most of these are known as germ diseases. Phenomena that consumption, for instance, why not take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and cure your cold while you can? For sale by all dealers.

I have bought the entire grocery stock of Elias Rody, with all store accounts due to him, which are to be paid to me. New stock has been put in, and I am prepared to meet all calls. Come and see me at the grocery store on the south side of the river. feb23 WALTER JORGENSEN.

Read Simpson's add, and go after the shoes.

Yester was ideal for March, rain and snow, cold and blow, and howling.

Simpson wants your feet kept dry on account of health. Read his shoe add.

Our store is full of new Spring goods. Every thing marked way down. Brenner's Cash Store.

Supervisor Barnes, of South Branch was in the city Tuesday, busy looking after the interests of the county.

K. O. T. M. M.—Attention. There will be an initiation Saturday evening, March 18. Every body turn out, fine supper. M. Brenner, F. K.

Wait for our Red Tag Sale, starts Saturday, and continues for 10 days, greatest sale ever known in Grayling. All new goods just arrived. Brenner's Cash Store.

A recent clipping from an Albion newspaper announces that L. T. Wright, recently of Grayling, has bought a residence in that city and that he expects to make it his future home.

A few lines of fancy shirts, marked way down at the great Red Tag Sale. Look for large bills. Brenner's Cash Store.

Mr. Fleming will begin next Sunday evening a series of sermons on The Great Men of the Bible. On next Sunday evening he will speak on "Joseph: From Prison Cell to Prime Minister of the Throne."

Just received a big line of ready-to-wear hand tailored trousers. Great bargains at Red Tag Sale. Brenner's Cash Store.

John W. Perry, of Linwood, Bay Co., was laughed at a few years ago for paying \$1800.00 for forty acres of land. It is his turn to laugh now, for he cleaned up \$3,000.00 from his crop of sugar beets on the same.

We added, to our stock, a few lines of ready-to-wear suits. Every thing marked right down at our Red Tag Sale. Brenner's Cash Store.

From the looks of the immense packing cases unloaded during the past week in front of Mrs. Crowley's millinery emporium, we believe the married men of this city are deserving of the greatest sympathy.

Grandpa Mitchellson and the whole family are glad this week, for the presence of one grandson from Detroit, and three from Jonassburg, with their respective mothers.

At the regular meeting of the Grayling chapter number 83 O. E. S. last Wednesday evening, a most beautiful and impressive floral memorial service was held for three of the members, Sister Vernetta Richards and Brothers Brady and Woodburn who have, since the first of the year, been deceased.

Died—Gertrude May Cook, aged three months and ten days, March 12, 1911, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Cook, at Eldorado, in this county. The sympathy of their many friends and neighbors is extended the stricken parents, who can only repay in part for their friendly assistance during the illness, and at the last sad rites for their little one.

This is the Lenten season, and as we approach the time when we commemorate the sufferings, death and resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, Come and meet us in a series of revival services in the M. E. Church, commencing Monday, March 28, 7:00 p.m. Remember the words of our Lord: "Ye must be born again."

According to the Chicago Tribune the department of agriculture is just now waging a war on the importers of the English starling. The pestiferous English sparrow now outnumbered in every section of the country, probably never would have been on the nation had it not been for some faddist's notion and in the case of the starling the government is strenuously opposed to repeating and adding the sparrow nuisance. Moreover, the starling is an eater of small grain and is capable of causing vast devastation in the fields.

Entirely too many people in this world are making themselves cross-eyed looking for the street of easy money. This is just as vain and foolish as hunting for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Just as soon as the frost is out of the ground it will do to sow onion seed and peas. Beets, early potatoes, spinach, radishes and lettuce may be planted early, too. Tender vegetables should wait until April or May. It is a mistake to plant the same types of vegetables in the same spot year after year; keep them moving to prevent insects and diseases from getting a foothold, and it is a mistake to forget that a garden needs plant food in order to nourish vegetables properly. Stable manure and a sprinkle of bone-meal will do, nicely. From March Farm Journal.

The Weekly Inter Ocean and Farmer is the only weekly newspaper published in Chicago in connection with a great daily paper. It contains a judiciously selected summary of the news of the nation and world, the best stories, home farm, woman's, boys and girls and other special departments, and fair, patriotic, able editorials, written from a Republican viewpoint. It is by far the best general newspaper of the western states. The regular price of The Weekly Inter Ocean and Farmer is \$1, and for the Avalanche is \$1.50; but subscriptions will be received at this office for the two papers in combination for only \$1.75.

SUPERINTENDENTS MONTHLY REPORT.

Grayling High Schools, For the Month Ending March 3, 1911.

Number enrolled to date between the ages of 5 and 20 years. Male 208. Female 219. Total 427.

Number enrolled to date between the ages of 7 and 15 years. Male 145. Female 195. Total 340.

Number belonging at the end of the month 397.

Number of days taught 20.

Number of girls enrolled 219.

Number of boys enrolled 208.

Total number enrolled (counting none twice) 427.

Total number half days attendance 15,142.

Total number belonging 397.

Average daily attendance 379.6.

Percentage of attendance 95.6.

Number not absent during the month 177.

Number neither absent nor tardy 159.

Number teachers' meetings 3.

Number of half days teacher has been absent 2.

Number of times teachers have been tardy 4.

The seventh grade had the highest percentage of attendance for this month. The following in this room were neither absent nor tardy: Joe Cassidy, Anna Dingman, Vernon Sankey, Francis McDonald, Ralf Oaks, Axel Peterson, Clarence Wall, Edward Waldron, Vera Crandell, Arthur Preman, Elsie Larson, Russell Colter, Louis Burton, Chester McMahon and Edna Rasmussen.

Percentage of attendance 97.9.

CLAYTON A. WHITNEY

Superintendent.

A newspaper editor does not want to make enemies, but he does it in spite of himself. We defy any man to run a newspaper without making somebody mad at some period of the business. Every now and then we tread on somebody's toes and don't intend to. That's part of the game. If anyone thinks it is done intentionally, let him disabuse his mind at once, for it is not true. It is because we look at things from a different view point and we cannot see alike. Before you rush headlong into a quarrel, try to look at your own and the editor's action from his point of view. Thus much bickering will be avoided.

One hundred and eighty-five varieties of fruit have originated in Michigan, according to a bulletin issued from the experimental station of the Michigan Agricultural College. Only four varieties have been of general commercial value, however, and these are the Shilavasee apple, Kalamazoo and Lewis peaches, and the Cornish raspberry. The specialists at the college think the local varieties will prove more profitable to the fruit growers than the cosmopolitan varieties like the Baldwin apple, Elberta peach and Lombard plum, because the local varieties may be more perfectly adapted to the sections where they originated.

Saginaw Presbytery To Meet in Grayling.

Saginaw Presbytery will hold its annual meeting in this village, April 10 and 11, beginning Monday at 7:30 p.m.

This presbytery comprises 17 counties, beginning with Saginaw County in the south to Alpena in the north. It contains some 40 churches, with about 22 pastors in charge. Many of these churches are grouped together under one pastor.

A few of these churches are strong and wealthy organizations; but the large majority of them are what is known as Home Mission churches, and are necessarily small in membership, and like the communities where they are located are building for future prosperity. The public is cordially invited to all of these services which will prove interesting, especially the evening services.

Resolutions of Condolence.

Inasmuch as it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from this world of suffering our honorable brother, William Woodburn, Be it Resolved, That we, the members of O. E. S. No. 83, tender our most sincere sympathy to the loving wife and family. May the present sorrow be sweetened by the hope which you may cherish of the reunion only a little way in the future.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of our chapter and a copy sent to the bereaved family and to the county paper.

MRS. KATE PRESTON, MRS. ANNA HERRICK, MRS. ANNA BRINK, Committee.

Whereas, it has pleased the Heavenly Father in his infinite wisdom to remove from our chapter our beloved sister, Vernetta Richards, Be it Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved family our sincere sympathy in this hour of trial.

Be comforted, ye loved who weep. She lives with God; she is not dead.

JOSEPHINE RUSSELL, MARY SHAW, SARAH WOODFIELD.

Kills A Murderer.

A merciless murderer is Applegate with many victims, but Dr. King's New Life Pills kill it by prevention. They gently stimulate stomach, liver and bowels, preventing that obnoxious invader, indigestion, curing Constipation, Headache, Bilemness, Chills, 25c at A. M. Lewis & Co.

Has Cured Thousands of Rheumatism

There is nothing certain in the treatment of rheumatism—there is nothing guaranteed to cure.

NYAL'S Rheumatic Remedy

Comes the nearest to any remedy of receiving a guarantee

It is more prompt and certain in its action than anything else we have ever used.

It attacks the kidneys in releasing the blood of impurities—stimulates the kidneys, bladder and liver to renewed activity, and rids the system of uric acid, the chief cause of rheumatism.

Relief in the shortest time possible—a decided difference after the first bottle

This is not an experiment—Nyal's Rheumatic Remedy has been proving its merit for years.

One Dollar for a large sized bottle

Whatever a good drug store ought to have—and many things, that other drug stores don't keep—you'll find here. Come to us first and you'll get what you want.

CENTRAL DRUG STORE

M. E. Church.

Sunday, March 19, 1911.

The regular services at the M. E. church for next Sunday are as follows: 10:30 a. m. Public Service. Subject "The Good Fight of Faith the Marching Order."

11:45 a. m. Sunday School. 3:00 p. m. Junior League. Subject "The Equipment." Leader, Mrs. Laura Munn Hanson.

7:00 p. m. Public service. Subject "Escape for Thy Life."

7:00 p. m. Thursday: general prayer meeting.

The public is cordially invited.

JAMES IVRY, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church.

Sunday, March 19, 1911.

Mid-week prayer meeting, Thursday 7:30 p. m.

Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Subject—"Spiritual Captivities—what they are and the remedy."

Sabbath School at 11:45 a. m. A. B. Failing, Supt.

Christian Endeavor at 6:00 p. m. Subject—"The Dangers and uses of money."

Preaching services 7:00 p. m. Subject—"Joseph: From a Prison Cell to Prime Minister of the Throne."

This will constitute the first sermon in a series of "Great Men of the Bible."

J. HUMPHREY FLEMING, Pastor.

Frederic Franks.

Dick Foster who has suffered with dropsy for the last year, died last week.

Miss Carrie White enjoyed a visit from her brother of Bay City over Sunday.

The Catholic ladies give an entertainment and supper next Friday eve at the Opera house.

Connection by sleigh with Grayling is a thing of the past.

Mrs. Leug has been to Ann Arbor to visit her son, Asa, the past week.

Mrs. B. J. Callahan is visiting in East Jordan.

V. P. Bodrie has bought the Geo. Gregory House, while Elias Soule, of Makinaw, will occupy the one on the corner, and feed the dinner man.

A special meeting of the Ladies Union is called for Friday, March 17, to appoint committees and make final arrangements for the fair to be held at the home of Mrs. Fred McDonald. A general attendance is desired.

Localists Local.

A slight break at the mill Tuesday morning gave the men a few days' rest. Saturday morning the mill started again.

Miss McKenna has returned from Canada, and is stopping with Mrs. Joseph Douglass.

Bertha Haggas has been engaged to teach school near the Gust Earnest (former) place. Miss Haggas arrived Saturday morning.

F. R. Deckrow, of Grayling, arrived Tuesday morning. He was called to repair C. W. Ward's engine.

The snow is gradually melting away. Some of the ground birds have come, and we are expecting an early spring. Let her come, she is welcome.

Saturday evening, the 4th, a jolly party of sleighriders called on Geo. F. Owen and wife. If we could have caught up with the party you would have had the names last week. Better late than never. As high as we can remember the names are as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Goshorn, Mrs. May Simms, Mr. and Mrs. Morrow. The evening was spent in a sociable way. After refreshments were served, all returned safely to their homes.

Mr. Luck was doing business at Loviaton Friday and Saturday.

Fine Electric display Saturday evening, the first of the season, heavy thunder.

DAN.

Has Millions of Friends.

How would you like to number your friends by millions as Dr. King's Anti-Loa Salve does? Its astounding cure in the past forty years made them. It is the best Salve in the world for sores, ulcers, eczema, burns, boils, scalds, cuts, corns, cold feet, no equal for piles. 25c at A. M. Lewis & Co.



The Blossom Pattern in "silver plate" that resists wear

Every piece not giving satisfactory service will be replaced. There is no time limit to this guarantee.

C. J. Hathaway JEWELER & OPTOMETRIST GRAYLING, MICH.

Quality Spring Here?

is always worth its PRICE

AT GOODROW'S

QUALITY

QUALITY

QUALITY

Queen Quality SHOE

Grayling City

Garden & Green Houses

JOHN H. COOK, Prop'r

THIS WEEK.

Radish, Cabbage, Springer and Vintcas.

If you want something special for Easter Sunday, please let me have your orders in good time and I will send for it.

PHONE 444.

Choice Meats

Fresh or Smoked

Delivered to

Your Kitchen

Phone No. 2

Have you tried our Home-Smoked Hams?

We sell them whole or sliced.

Yours for the Asking.

Peoples Market

R. H. MILKS Prop'r.

Just Arriving NEW SPRING GOODS!

Spring is just over the hills to the south of you, it will be at your front door in a week or so.

All nature puts on a new garb--so will you--we have prepared accordingly.

NEW GOODS ARE COMING IN DAILY.

New wash fabrics, including Mulls, Dimities, Lawns, Batistes, Ginghams and all that is new, in the largest variety of colors and patterns we have ever shown.

We have on display the latest arrival in Ladies' Dresses—see them.

New Spring Millinery has already arrived. We invite your inspection of same.

New Spring Hats for Men. The new 1911 styles are here. Black, Grays and Browns.

Men's Suits. You will be settling the spring suit question within a very short time. Settling the question ought to mean, with your determining which line will be the best investment.

More tone—more class—more distinction, yet they cost no more than the ordinary.

New Shirts. Something really new; not the same old figures and stripes—there's a surprise in every one.

Grayling Mercantile Company.

Quality Spring Here?

Why of Course it is WHEN?

I saw a robin yesterday, and any way Simpson is going to have one of his shoe sales.

SATURDAY, FROM 2 TILL 4.

50 pair of them. Yes, and only 50 cents a pair, he says, not a single pair will be sold until 2 o'clock, so you got to be there on the spot.

Worth Looking Into.

Just received a new lot of picture frames in the 16x20 size for only 70 cents each. The right size for Enlarged Pictures, Marriage Certificates, Family Records, etc. Also Circassian Frames on display.

Sorenson's Furniture Store

Grayling, Michigan.

Ceresota Flour!

Same as always, The Best.

Buckley Creamery Butter

Fresh every week from the Buckley Dairy Farm, Buckley, Mich.

Everything Fresh in Staple and Fancy Groceries at

BRINK'S GROCERY

AROUND THE CORNER.

OFTEN MAKES A QUICK NEED FOR

THE CURE THAT'S SURE

DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS WHOOPING COUGH AND ALL TROUBLES OF THROAT AND LUNGS

PROMPT USE WILL OFTEN PREVENT PNEUMONIA AND CONSUMPTION

PRICE 50c and \$1.00 SOLD AND GUARANTEED BY A. M. L. L. WIS & CO.



YOURS

Yours for uniformity.
Yours for great-leavening power.
Yours for never-failing results.
Yours for purity.
Yours for economy.
Yours for everything that goes to make up a strictly high grade, over-dependable baking powder.

That is Calumet. Try it once and note the improvement in your baking. See how much more economical over the high-priced trust brands, how much better than the cheap and big can kinds.

Calumet is highest in quality—moderate in cost.

Received Highest Award—World's Pure Food Exposition.

THIRST.

Of all the tortures I should think the most terrible would be to be awfully thirsty where no water could be secured.

"Why water?"

WOULD LIE-AWAKE ALL NIGHT WITH ITCHING ECZEMA

"Ever since I can remember I was a terrible sufferer of eczema and other irritating skin diseases. I would lie awake all night, and my suffering was intolerable. A scaly humor settled on my back, and being but a child, I naturally scratched it. It was a burning, itching sensation, and utterly intolerable. In fact, it was so that I could not possibly forget about it. It did not take long before it spread to my shoulders and arms, and I was almost covered with a mass of raw flesh in account of my scratching it. I was in such a condition that my hands were tied.

"A number of physicians were called, but it seemed beyond their medical power and knowledge to cure me. Having tried numerous treatments without deriving any benefit from them, I had given myself up to the mercy of my dreadful malady, but I thought I would take the Cuticura treatment as a last resort. Words cannot express my gratitude to the one who created 'The Cuticura Miracles,' as I have named them, for now I feel as if I never suffered from even a pimple. My disease was routed by Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and I shall never cease praising the wonderful merits they contain. I will never be without them in fact, I can almost defy any skin diseases to attack me so long as I have Cuticura Remedies in the house. I hope that this letter will give other sufferers an idea of how I suffered, and also hope that they will not pass the 'Cuticura Life Saving Station.' (Signed) C. Louis Green, 929 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 29, 1910.

Warned.

A serious-minded New Yorker, who, because of his dignified outlook on life, has sent his son, aged twelve, to a particularly strict and proper boarding school in New England, unexpectedly visited the school recently. Ascertaining the location of his young hopeful's room, he climbed the four flights of stairs necessary to reach it—and entered. On a mammoth placard suspended from a steel engraving of 'Washington and General' (presented to the youth as a Christmas gift by his admiring parent) was the cheerful sentiment:

"Don't spit on the ceiling. We have lost our ladder."

The Discoverer.

Of faults a seeker he would be. Of recompense he found a fourth, 'ave in the truthful claim that he had picked the easiest job on earth.

Constipation cures and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative.

Modern application is likely to extract the teeth of an old saw.



PARIS CLOCKS TURNED BACK

French Legal Time is at Last Made to Conform to That of Eastern Europe.

French legal time is at last to be brought into conformity with the international time of Eastern Europe, and is to correspond exactly to that of London. For this purpose the Paris clock will have to be put back nine minutes, the difference between

minutes, which was another reason for not making the change, as it seemed a small matter. But in 1890 the chamber voted the adoption of the hour in the international convention. The ministers at the time disagreed on the subject, and the senate left the matter in abeyance. A few weeks ago the minister of public works wrote to the commission of the senate, of which M. de Freycinet is chairman, and informed them that the ministers were now agreed. The commission at once met, and a favorable

report was drawn up, and has now been submitted to the senate. The exact difference between London and Paris is 21 minutes 21 seconds, and the change will be made as soon as the senate has approved it by a vote.

Pleasure in Reading.

There is a pleasurable wealth of recreation, as well as a fine creation of newer delights and views in the contents of the world's best books that lets the day run from sun to sun, and slip and slide into the quick-

ing years as in a dream—the man who enjoys good reading is independent of the rest of the world, as far as personal pleasure is concerned. He can sit and listen and debate with great men and women—sail of the earth. He can almost hear them talk—reading is mutual. One can not read without one does not wish for, any more than one can 'lend an ear' to that which one does not wish to hear. Such a man need look nowhere else than in books for a quiet nook to while away a vacation—such a man

can wander away to the Indies or across an easy chair by his own fire, and at the same time enjoy home and wife and pipe.

Probably.

Sunday School Teacher—After he heard the people shouting 'Eul has slain his thousands,' but David has slain his tens of thousands!' what did Saul do then?

Willie (whose father 'also ran')—I suppose he got right up and 'hellered for a recount.—Puck.

PARIS CLOCKS TURNED BACK

Greenwich and Paris. When, by an international understanding, time zones with one hour's difference were adopted for Eastern, Central and Western Europe, with the meridian of Greenwich as the starting point, France held aloof. It would have come, of course, under the Eastern division, but it objected to adopting the meridian of Greenwich for that of Paris. The difference was only nine

SYNOPSIS.

Philip Cayley, accused of a crime of which he is not guilty, flees from the army in distress and his affection for his friend, Lieut. Perry Hunter, turns to hatred. Cayley seeks solace where he performs a flying machine. While soaring over the Arctic regions, he picks up a young woman, Jeanne Fielding, in the assassin's hand. Mounting again, he discovers a yacht anchored in the bay. Descending near the steamer, he meets a girl on an ice floe. He learns that the girl's name is Jeanne Fielding and that the yacht has come north to seek signs of her father, Captain Fielding, an Arctic explorer. Cayley has seen in the making search ashore. After Cayley departs, Jeanne finds that he had dropped a curiously-shaped stick. Captain Planck and the surviving crew of his wrecked whaler are in hiding on the coast. A giant ruffian named Roscoe, had murdered Fielding and his two companions, after the explorer had revealed the location of an enormous ledge of pure gold. Roscoe then took command of the party. It develops that the ruffian had committed the murder witnessed by Cayley. Roscoe plans to capture the yacht and escape with a big load of gold. Jeanne tells Panshaw, owner of the yacht, about the visit of the sky-man and shows him the stick left by Cayley. Panshaw, a reliable party, goes to find the searchers. Tom confesses his love for Jeanne. She rows ashore and enters an abandoned hut.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

The sight of it might well have caused astonishment or alarm in the girl's mind. But it was neither alarm nor astonishment that her next act expressed. She dropped down on her knees beside the rude wooden bunk, drew the chest up close in the tight embrace of her young arms, laid her cheek against the cold polished surface of its blackened wood, and cried.

Every question that might have asked itself—how the thing could have come there, and what it might mean, might pretend to herself or to the other of the Aurora's people was swept away in a sudden rush of filial affection and regret when the sight of it instantly awoke. It had reached her with that sudden poignant stab of memory which inanimate objects, familiar by long association, seem to be more potent to call up than the very persons of the friends with whom they are associated. The sight of her father himself could hardly have had so instantaneous and overwhelming an effect upon her as the sight of this old chest, which was one of the earliest of her associations with him.

It had always stood, until he had taken it with him on that last voyage of his, upon a certain farther corner of his desk in the old library. It was one of those objects of a class that children always love smooth, polished, beautiful; beautiful and, at the same time, delectable curiosity.

It was quite a masterpiece of cabinet work. No hinges were visible, and the cover fitted so closely upon the box itself that the line which separated them was hard to discover. And there was no trace of keyhole or lock. To those uninitiated into its secret, it defied any attempt to open it.

Presently she seated herself on the bunk, took the little chest on her knees and set about opening it. Between the cold and her excitement she found this rather a difficult thing to



Neither Alarm Nor Astonishment That Her Next Act Expressed.

do, though her mind never, never hesitated over the slightest detail of the necessary formula of procedure. She knew in just what order to press in those innocent-looking little ornamental tacks in the brass binding; remembered the right moment to turn the box-up on its end and let it just released steel ball roll down its channel to the pocket, where it must lie before the last pressure upon the last spring would prove effective. She no more faltered over it than she would have faltered over her alphabet.

And at last, when her numbed fingers had completed their task, the counter-weighted lid rose slowly by itself, just as it had used to, and revealed to her wondering eyes the contents of the interior.

Up to the moment she had not realized what the finding of the dispatch box meant. It had not occurred to her that a full account of her father's expedition, a narrative which would reach, perhaps, to the morning of the last day of all, was lying here, right under her eyes.

But now when the cover opened and she saw beneath it a thick volume, bound in red morocco, she realized that here, under her hand, was the very object in search of which the Aurora had set out upon her perilous voyage.

The first sight of her father's clear, erect, precise handwriting warmed her with a sudden courage. But even this new inspiration of courage did not make her strong enough to turn back and read the last entry in that tragic journal first. She tried to do it, but the will failed her. So she began at the beginning. Once she had plunged into the fascinating narrative, the whole of the outside world faded away from her. She was oblivious to the fact that the darkness outside was no longer the mere darkness of the fog; oblivious to the rising wind that poured its icy stream through the leaky walls of the hut and made the candle flicker; oblivious, even to the very sound which she had meant to wait for—the sound of Tom's voice, calling out to her from the yacht, and the sound of other, more alarming, nearer voices.

They all fell on deaf ears as she turned page after page of that precious record of her father's life. It was written, in the main, in the scientific, unimpassioned, unimpassioned temper which she knew so well. He chronicled those days of peril, when their ship, crushed in the ice, and only kept from sinking by that very ice, which had just destroyed her, was drifting along in the pack, to what seemed certain destruction, as quietly and as explicitly as he did the uneventful voyage through Behring Strait. The man's courage was so deeply elemental in him that he could not be self-conscious about it.

He told of the land, the strange, uncharted shore, whose discovery offered them a respite, at least, from that destruction; told how he got his remaining stores ashore and built his hut, where, in all human probability, he and his companions were to spend the rest of their lives.

Finally she reached the record of the day when he had consigned to the

sea the bottle containing the chart of the coast and the account of his plight, together with the course which the relief ship must take, should such a relief ship be sent out, to have any hope at all of reaching them.

"I suppose," his narrative for this day concluded, "there is hardly one chance in ten thousand that my message will ever be picked up, and certainly not one in a million that it will be found in time to bring an effective relief. However, it helps to keep the others cheerful, and that is the main thing."

At the close of the day's entry was a single line which contracted her heart with a sharp spasm of pain. "This is Jeanne's birthday," it said.

She resumed her reading presently, and came to the point where the Walrus people entered into the narrative; their plight, their rescue, and their welcome by the three men, who by now were the only survivors of the original expedition.

She began to read faster now, with none of those little meditative pauses that had marked her progress through the earlier pages of the journal, for the sinister, termination of the narrative began to foreshadow itself darkly, from the moment—the first moment of the appearance of the Walrus people on the scene. Her father's description of the man Roscoe, of the expression that had been plain to read in his face as he had listened to the account of the gold-bearing ledge across the glacier, gave her a shuddering premonition; apparently, her father had experienced the same feeling himself. Day after day Roscoe's name appeared, always accompanied by some little phase of misgiving.

For just one day this dread seemed to have been lifted from Captain Fielding's spirit. "That was the day the sun came back to them, putting an end to their long Arctic night. 'It has been a hard winter,' he wrote, 'and I am glad it is over. The hardest thing about it has been our sleeplessness, from which we have all suffered. To-day we have enjoyed a change, having taken a walk along the beach. Even Roscoe seems humanized a little by a return of the frank sunshine, and may, perhaps, develop into a tolerable companion. Tomorrow I have promised, if it is fine, to guide them across the glacier to the gold ledge.'"

It was the next to the last entry in the journal. She turned the page, pale and pressed her lips tight together when the array of blank pages before her told her that she had reached the end. Then she read the last words her father had ever written.

"Took the Walrus people to the ledge today. Have no heart to describe the scene that they enacted there. The man Roscoe certainly means to kill me. If it were not for my conviction that the danger from him is largely personal to myself, that he means me and no other, probably, for my victim, I think I should have him shot as a measure of justifiable prevention. He is not a man, but a great sinister brute—literally, sinister, for he is incarnated in that wretchedly, and hope the crisis may soon be over." Evidently that part of his wish has come true.

The book slipped out of the girl's hands, and she sat, with horror-widened eyes, staring at the candle, until it guttered and went out. Slowly, the outside world began to take its place again around her. She knew that she was shivering, half-frozen, that the icy wind was whining through the cracks in her rude shelter.

She thought she heard some one moving about outside, and that thought brought her quickly to her feet. She made her way to the door of the hut, called out; waited a breathless instant—and cried aloud in sudden terror.

CHAPTER VIII.

Apparitions.

Roscoe did not pause to investigate the effect of his blow, nor to waste a second one. If the man who had confronted him there in the companion way was dead, so much the better. If he were only half-dead, the job could be finished at any time. He was out of the way for the present at least. Roscoe hurried on, searching store-rooms and passageways and finally the crew's quarters, forward.

When he had satisfied himself that he and his men were in undisputed possession of the yacht, he emerged on-deck again by the forward hatchway, and found Captain Planck already there. He directed him to go below with Schwartz, who had been engineer aboard the whaler, and get steamed up as promptly as possible. He himself remained on deck, directing the unloading and stowage of those precious golden slabs that the rest of the party were bringing out in boats from the shore.

"We've got it all, Roscoe, unless you want them barrels of whale oil," a man in the last boat sang out as they came alongside.

"We'll leave them to pay for this picked-up ship," Roscoe answered.

"Come! Look alive and get aboard. We'll be ready to start as soon as we can get a little daylight."

He looked them over, numbered

them as if they had been so many sheep, noted that they were all here, except poor Miguel; Planck and Schwartz were still toting along the barrels.

"Stay here till I come back," he commanded. "I'm going below to see that everything's stowed all right. When I come back I want to talk to you."

He disappeared down the after hatchway, switched on a light and indulged in a long, satisfied look at the great masses of precious metal which were stacked, according to his directions, in the storeroom.

His purpose in coming down here was twofold. He meant to see that the gold was stored correctly, and he meant to lock the room up, so that its precious contents would not be tampered with, and bring the key away with him. He was not afraid that any of his crew would try to steal it, but he thought the moral effect of having it locked away where it was inaccessible to them, and of his keeping the key in his own possession, would be a help in maintaining his prestige as commander. They knew the sea better than he did, just as he knew the nature of gold-bearing rock. It was necessary to do something to bolster up his position as chief of the party and keep it above dispute. He did not want to have to kill any of them yet. The Aurora would be shorthanded enough as it was.

But there was one more reason for that hurried trip to the storeroom. He wanted to be sure that a certain rosewood box had come aboard along with the treasure and what few stores they were taking away with them.

That little box had occupied much of his leisure since the day when he had murdered the owner of it. He had sometimes wished that when it came into his hands that day he had yielded to his first impulse to shatter it. For the thing had always shocked him.

He had often seen it lying open on Captain Fielding's table in the tiny walled-off cubby hole of a room they called the captain's cabin, while the captain himself was writing up his journal or working upon his charts. He had, during that first winter, frequently thought of trying to open it, should the opportunity ever arise.

After the murder, when he took that little room for his own quarters, he found the box and preserved it with the idea that now, at least, he would get the better of it. He knew what its contents were well enough—Captain Fielding's charts and journal, and he had no curiosity concerning them. But the secret mechanism of the box itself tantalized him, and he meant some day to solve it. Once he had done so, he would kick the thing to pieces and destroy its contents.

That was all there was to it at first, but during the next winter, when the long night kept them prisoners in their narrow quarters, the mystery of that little rosewood box took on an added importance to him and to the others, out of all proportion to any effect which the solution of it could have. One by one, with the exception of the Portuguese, they tried. Hour after hour they labored with it, and invariably they failed.

The rest of them gave it up, and their admitted defeat gave Roscoe another incentive for solving the thing himself, for he meant to leave no stone unturned to convince them that they were fools and weaklings; that he, Roscoe, was the only man among them. Such a conviction was necessary to his leadership.

It was toward the end of that winter that the Portuguese made a suggestion destined to bear fruit. "It's a curse, that has sealed up that box," he said. "You can't open it, and if you break it the curse will kill you."

He evidently believed implicitly in this theory, for no persuasion could induce him to touch the box himself. Gradually the others had shown by little involuntary acts, shrinkings and glances, that Miguel's belief was infecting them. Sometimes, after a long succession of sleepless, lightless days, Roscoe found himself believing it, too, and regarding that little box as the sealed-up casket of the murder he had done upon the owner of it. The curse was there inside.

To overcome that feeling, he had worked all the harder trying to solve its secret.

His interest, now, however, in making sure that the box had really been brought aboard the Aurora was not superstitious, but wholly practical. They were leaving most of their stores behind them, as there was no time either to transport them to the Aurora or to destroy them. With these stores and with the shelter afforded by the hut and the little clump of surrounding out-buildings, it was probable that some members of the Aurora's party, at least, would survive the winter. If a relief ship should arrive the next summer, or even the summer thereafter, it would probably find some one on this desolate shore who could tell the story of the disappearance of the Aurora and form a more or less definite surmise as to the cause of it. That rosewood box had Captain Fielding's journal in it—a journal that had been written up to

the very morning when Roscoe had murdered him. Its discovery would go a long way toward bridging the gap which Roscoe meant to leave in the departing trail. In short, if that rosewood box were left behind, Roscoe would always feel that he was in more or less danger of detection. And he didn't mean to have a thing like that hanging over him.

Consequently, when he discovered that the box was not on board, and that his particular inflections concerning it had been either neglected or displayed, he came raging up on deck again, a most formidable figure, which caused his companions, hardened ruffians though they were, to cower and shrink away from him.

In a torrent of furious blasphemy, he demanded to know why that box had not been brought aboard; and the concentrated lees of his rage he emptied at last upon the two men whom he had ordered to go it.

"Now," he concluded, when the torrent had spent itself, "you go ashore, you two. Yes, you, Carlson—I mean you—and you, Rose, go ashore now and get it."

Then, after a momentary silence, he raged out the command again, and a foul flood of abuse.

But still they made no move to obey, and the big Swede, in evident terror, answered him, "I won't get it, Roscoe. If you want that box, you can get it yourself."

"What in hell do you mean?" the leader demanded. "But his voice even as he spoke lost its confident tone of authority."

"You tell him," said Carlson, nodding to his companion, Rose. Evidently it was Rose who had told the story to the other members of the party. He was a squatly built man with a stub-born face, and Planck, in the days of his command, had always disliked him as that most undesirable pest that can be found in a forecabin—a sea lawyer.

"What did you leave the box in the hut for?" he demanded. "He might not have come back if you had left it in the cave."

"Come back!" echoed Roscoe, with a growl.

"That's what I said. We went to the hut to get it, and there was a light inside, and there he sat, just like he used to. And he had the box open."

"He? Who do you mean?" There was no trace of tenderness in Roscoe's voice now. He spoke as though his throat was dry.

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Buy the New Royal Sewnig Machine

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Her Hired Suitor

By T. S. Stribling

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Cranleigh Hume swung himself into the Manayunk car, thrust his thumb and forefinger into his waistcoat pocket after the small change he usually kept there, and found nothing.

"Hurrup!" growled the conductor, glancing at the waiting line behind the trim young fellow. The boy's fingers rummaged nervously through other pockets.

"Ah, here," snarled the bluecoat, "trying to beat your way for a few blocks!" He jerked the bell violently for a stop.

"I have nothing but this bill," Hume thrust into an inside pocket and drew forth a twenty dollar note. The conductor was angry. "No, you don't. You know I can't change a double X. Don't have to. Get on."

The young fellow hesitated, a flush crept up his face into his closely clipped hair. Two or three passengers were smiling at his dilemma. He turned on his heel and stepped into the night.

"At the same moment a fat, white-haired, red-faced old gentleman stepped from the crowd on the car platform. The car rushed away with its usual ascending whistle. Cranleigh found himself and companion dropped in the midst of a row of dwellings of uncompromising respectability.

The young man stood for a moment under an archway, wondering vaguely into which house the old gentleman would turn when to his surprise he spoke.

"Pretty rotten company, that?" Cranleigh returned, "I'm cautious, looking up and down the street for the light of a drug store where he could get his bill changed."

"Don't bother," said the old man; "I have some small change. Will go out Manayunk way together."

Hume glanced suspiciously for a moment, but the old gentleman's face and prosperous clothes were reassuring. "Then let's go and get off."

The old gentleman nodded emphatically. "Because you did, Boveril's my name. Elziver Boveril."

He pointed to a small, dark, two-story house on the corner of a street. "That's the place. The Boveril mansion was located on a hillside in Manayunk over toward Roxborough. It stood white and stately in the soft light on a terraced lawn, up which clambered many flights of marble steps. Hume caught a breath of admiration at the pile, which was not wasted on the owner.

"This pretty, isn't it?" he said, "and to think that wasted on a drug clerk—she's my only child."

The old man shook a little. "I wish I could buy her half a dozen drug clerks until she got tired of 'em."

As they walked through the streets of the suburb Hume visited many of the despoiled drug stores until he hit upon a garage that could be had. Armed with this the two plotters approached the mansion.

When they had climbed the third terrace, Mr. Boveril took a seat on an iron settee, and looked at the summer moon while his accomplice stole around to the designated window for his work.

Presently Mr. Boveril heard a thrum of chords and then a rather pleasant tenor voice singing "Cuddle Up a Little Closer," an air then running in a popular musical comedy.

"What a night," murmured Mr. Boveril, "and his voice isn't bad, though it seems to me I've heard it before somewhere."

Within the heavy window frame a girl's head appeared with the first gleam of "Oh, Cranleigh," she whispered, "you must go away, darling. I've something to do home—any minute."

But Cranleigh's arms were about her shoulders. "He's already here, down on the third terrace, listening to me sing."

"What, Cranleigh," she whispered in astonishment, "How did you get away from the drug store?"

Cranleigh explained, struck his guitar again, and once more Mr. Boveril heard the lit, "Cuddle up a little closer, lovey mine, lovey mine."

This time it was in dust, and Mr. Boveril wondered.

King's Glove Hand.

It is not generally known that King George's custom of appearing with his right hand gloved, and the other bare, has its origin in something more than a mere whim of fashion. The wearing of a glove on the right hand by a monarch is a distinct survival of the days when the sovereign monarch was held to be a certain cure for all kinds of diseases, especially scrofula.

In the days when at certain dates it was customary for hundreds of sick men and mendicants of all kinds to be laid out in the courtyard of royal palaces awaiting the healing touch of the "anointed of the Lord," monarchs found it necessary to wear a glove in order to escape infection. Thus arose the habit which during modern times has passed into a mere fashion, the significance of which has long been forgotten by the majority of people.

Even so.

"It's only a hollow pumpkin and a candle, son."

"But it frightened me, uncle."

"Never mind, child. Many a prominent statesman has been shocked by less."

A Fine Prescription.

"And how, doctor, should I stick to this plain diet which you recommend?"

"Why—until my bill is paid."

"A little bit."

"All right, I fancy if drawing sodas looks like a regular wild west show, and a charge in a window little, a charge



The Kid's Sacrifice

By Donald Allen

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

The Kid was 16 years old. He was freckled-faced, tousled-haired and had smut on his chin. He was newboy, bootblack and baggage smasher. He knew his city and its tricks. As he walked that he extended, and it was his business to live, and he succeeded. If a man bought his evening paper of him well and good; if they bought it of the next boy there was no row over it. But when a person had bought of him several times, and had perhaps passed a few words with him, he came to feel a proprietary interest in his customer. This was especially true in the case of the many girls leaving their desks in the Park road, offices at five o'clock for Brooklyn or the suburban homes reached by subway or elevated.

The little stenographer had been a steady customer of the Kid for a month, and every time she bought a paper she had a smile for him. He just called her a stenographer to distinguish her from the typist and others, but he was sure about the little girl. She was certainly pretty. She had blond hair, eyes to go with it, and her sunny smile was good to see.

The Kid found himself taking an interest in the little stenographer, and he wondered at it. Where did she live? Was she fatherless? Was she a widow's daughter? Were they paying her a salary in the office? He had never spent two minutes wondering about any other girl, and there were times when he felt a contempt for himself. It was nonsense, it wasn't business. And yet when five o'clock came he found himself looking for the little girl with the blue eyes and blond hair.

After some weeks had gone by a Kid spotted what he had for some time been looking for. As the girl came up Park road looking neither to the right or left, the masher was at her heels. The Kid didn't know his name, but he knew his kind, and he was sure of it.

A paper was bought, a smile given, and the girl passed on without suspicion.

The girl passed on without suspicion. The Kid looked at the girl waiting there, and what she saw in his eyes made her blush.

"What—what is it?" she faltered.

"Did you wish to speak to me?" queried the young man in surprise.

"It's all right and serene," replied the Kid as he looked from one to the other. "Here's the case. I know the girl, and there's no discount on him. Steady job and good salary, and got a good character. He meets up for a long time with a young lady that he'd like to know, but then pennywise machines are no good at introducing folks."

"But I must be going," said the blushing girl, while the young man made an uneasy movement.

"Just a minute," he knows a young lady. There is no discount on her. Just as straight as a five-dollar gold piece. For a long time she meets around to do the polite. He's been waiting. Here's now, and Miss —, this am Mr. —, and that's all, and may you be happy all the rest of your days!"

And then, as the Kid ran down stairs, he thought of the guardian ship he had undertaken—the love he had loved—the hopes that must surely be now crushed forever, and he looked up against a lamp post and wept.

The second masher appeared. He was not as bold as the first. He was going to follow the little stenographer and see where she lived. On car or subway he might find excuse to address her. The Kid passed his bundle of papers to a boy friend and followed the follower. He entered the subway and took a seat beside the girl. He slipped into it just a second ahead of the masher and got a scowl and a curse for his action. It was a long time before the little stenographer looked up and recognized him, and then she uttered a little laugh and the exclamation:

"Why, I never thought of seeing you here!"

"It's business, ma'am," he replied, looking as important as a scold.

She talked with him in a chatty, friendly way, and when far up in the Bronx they left the train together something was said that brought about an exchange of names, and he also learned her street and number.

He saw her to her own door before he left her, and for the first time in his life felt that he was something of a hero. He was only a kid, but he had assumed a man's responsibilities. He had guarded a woman.

The masher had not followed on, but had laid in wait. As the Kid was returning to the station the man stepped out and halted him, and holding out a dollar bill said:

"You keep out of this from now on."

"The little girl?" was queried.

"Cert. You don't mix in. Take this."

"You're a scoundrel, sir!"

"What! What's that? Look here, son, you give me any lip and I'll twist your neck for you."

"And if youoller that girl again I'll put a knife into you!"

The masher reached out his hand, but drew it back again. The Kid had drawn a knife and was ready for him. They stood and glared at each other for a moment and then passed on.

Big Demand on Education

Modern Life Requires That It Shall Furnish Opportunities for the Fullest Individualism.

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Opportunities for the fullest individualism is the demand which modern life makes upon education. The school should be an experiment station replete with alluring incentives to intellectual growth. Here, aided by the helpful sympathy of teachers who have discovered the difference between schooling and education, children could try their powers, and moments of enthusiasm be utilized for mental growth in various lines. Mental tendencies, like animal instincts, must be coaxed out by stimulating situations, and the present school environment is too barren to offer the needed excitement. Boys are continually trying to understand themselves, to find the occupation that their nature vaguely craves, but the pedagogical rope always pulls them back to the curriculum. Then their enthusiasm cools, while the teachers go on trying to strike an intellectual spark with the mental temperature at zero. This is not only an extravagant waste of educational forces, but what is far more serious, it awakens hatred of study in those whose mental organization does not suit the school plan. The restraint of a system suited to the average child inhibits the powers of unusual children and awakens resentment and hostility in treatment.

A student of the University of Chicago, in a paper published in the Educational Review, writes: "The tendency to vary and create dullards—Edgar James Swift, in Harper's Magazine."

Thought it sacred rites. Morning Gymnastics of a Traveler Caused Kurds in Armenia to Leave the General Room.

Everything is liable to be misunderstood, even gymnastic exercises. This truth was brought home to George H. Hepworth, and he tells his experience in "Through Armenia on Horseback." The author was stopping in a Kurdish village, and the inn possessed but one general living room.

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"What has happened?" I asked.

He laughed the harder as he replied: "The Kurds think you are practicing devotional religious exercises, and they retired under the impression that you would regard their presence as an intrusion."—Youth's Companion.

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Kind of Tenant He Likes

Landlord Favors Man Who Treats Property as If It Were His Own.

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

Of course," said the fat owner, "if all tenants were as careful of a rented house as they would be of their own the cost of upkeep would be less and rents would be less, but many tenants never think that far. They say: 'What's the use? Why should we break our backs looking after this stuff? Why shouldn't we wear it out and get more? It isn't on us; it's on the landlord.'"

"They're like some men who work for the government and dawdle along on their jobs, give only half a day's work for one because they think the government's got plenty of money; the government can stand it, they say. They never stop to think that every dollar the government spends has to be raised from somewhere; that they themselves are taxed with the rest to pay their share of it."

"It's just the same way with the careless tenant who is always wanting things. To renovate things worn out is half the time done by his own carelessness or neglect. Things renewed for himself or that must be renewed for the tenant that comes after him. The tenant thinks he is getting it out of the landlord; he is really paying for it himself. It has to be so. But plenty of tenants never realize this."

The careless tenant thinks the landlord is mean. The landlord sighs when he sees the way some tenants care for property or rather don't care for it. I like a tenant who treats my property as he would his own. This tenant I am always glad to do for."

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Teachers' Examination

Outline of the Teachers' examination to be held in Grayling at the court house, June 15th and 16th, 1911.

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Arithmetic.

Fractions.

Percentage.

Commercial discounts.

Commission and brokerage.

Stocks and Bonds.

Denominate numbers, including all common measures.

Square root.

Mental Arithmetic.

GRAMMAR.

1. Language lessons based on stories and pictures.

Suggestion: Give a brief description of your method of using stories and pictures in teaching languages.

2. Grammar.

Sentence analysis with special attention to complex sentences containing substantive and adverbial clauses.

Syntax, with special attention to direct and indirect objects, nouns used as adverbs, and words used independently.

Punctuation, with special attention to nouns and pronouns, the use of the rules of the apostrophe, formation of plurals, etc.

Rules for punctuation, special attention being given to the use of the colon and quotation marks.

GEOGRAPHY.

Commercial geography.

A student of the University of Chicago, in a paper published in the Educational Review, writes: "The tendency to vary and create dullards—Edgar James Swift, in Harper's Magazine."

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SOME MAN SOME DAY

May Make A Medicine To Cure Bright's Disease Rheumatism, Stomach And Bladder Trouble The Equal Of

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When the products of exhaustion reach the brain and deaden the nerve centers, as is the case with all old people, limiting their ability to think and act unless they have the power to oxidize the acids that accumulate during sleep and "eliminate" them, they had better get a bottle of Dr. Burnham's San-Jak. It will not only have kept a bottle of this medicine in your house during the past year and take a dose quite often so I know it helps to give strength and activity.

E. O. Kelley, Lansing, Mich.

311 Washtenaw St.

United States History.

England and America.

1. England's place among the European nations in the sixteenth century.

2. Motives inciting England to exploration of the New World.

3. England and the Spanish Main.

4. England and America, 1607 to 1814.

Humanitarian, economic and social conditions in America during the years 1831-1842, 1848-1897.

The origin, development and significance of socialism.

Great commercial crisis in American history.

1. Time and cause.

2. Character.

3. Results.

The restoration of the Habeas Corpus law during Civil War.

1. Cause.

2. Result.

The race problem in America.

Colonial life.

1. On a Virginia plantation.

2. In Boston.

3. In Philadelphia.

Important treaties of the United States.

1. Date and name.

2. Terms.

3. Results.

Economic and industrial conditions of the South since the Civil War.

Books to be reported upon.

The Conspiracy of Pontiac.

Parkman.

"Standish of Standish" by Jane Austen.

Michigan History.

Current events.

Civil Government.

In the June, August, and October examinations, a portion of the work will be based on "Civics and Health" by Allen and "The Teaching of Civics" by Hughes.

Our postal system.

The way in which a territory becomes a State.

Government of our island possessions.

The civil and criminal jurisdiction and procedure of Michigan Courts.

The President's cabinet, and the work of the executive departments of the Federal Government.

The public institutions of Michigan.

County government in Michigan.

Work of board of supervisors and the various county officers.

Current political events of importance.

Physiology and Hygiene.

Digestion—organs, anatomy and physiology, action of fluids, absorption.

Assimilation—Hygiene.

Diet—foods, classes, value, quantity, preparation.

Pure food laws.

Nervous system—anatomy, physiology, and hygiene, brain, nerves, reflex action, sympathetic system. Special senses.

Hygiene—anatomy, physiology, and hygiene, diagram of normal and abnormal eyes. Tests.

Effects of alcohol and tobacco.

Contagious diseases—causes, prevention, cure, immunity, disinfection, fumigation.

Treatment in cases of accidents and emergencies.

Right Grade Examination.

The eighth grade examination in May, 1911, will be based on "Evangelism: A Tale of Arcadia" by Henry W. Longfellow.

JUDE E. BRADLEY, Co. Commissioner.

Mark Gervain's Brightspot.

Mark Gervain, a French chemist, has patented a process for rendering the dead hairbrush and comb safe from explosion when it comes in contact with the gas named by the discoverer. According to a consular report, this result is obtained by adding to a celluloid mass in course of preparation, just at the moment when it is most liquid, a certain quantity of salts—phosphates, bicarbonate of ammonia, or magnesia. Celluloid, thus prepared, when touched by fire or a flame, gives out a gas that checks combustion. In fact, immersion of articles made of celluloid in solutions of any of these salts reduces its inflammability.

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